




THE CRIMSON RAMBLER

1925

MARJORIE MONSON



# CRIMSON RAMBLER

ROWLAND  HALL

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.



1925

VOL. III



ALICE B. MACDONALD  
*Principal of Rowland Hall*



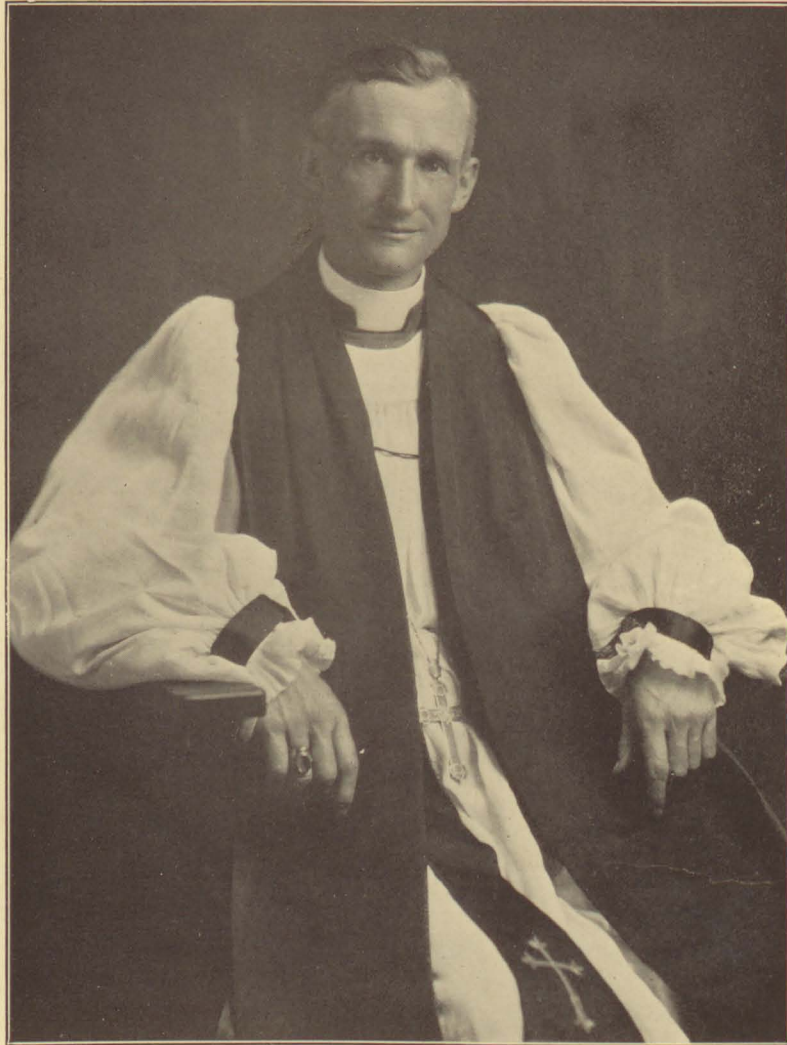


## Dedication



We the Class of Nineteen Twenty-five  
lovingly dedicate this volume of the  
Crimson Rambler to Miss Macdonald,  
because she has been to us an untiring friend  
and helper throughout the past four years.





THE RIGHT REVEREND A. W. MOULTON  
*Bishop of Utah*  
RECTOR OF ROWLAND HALL



THE VERY REVEREND W. W. FLEETWOOD  
*Dean of St. Mark's Cathedral*  
CHAPLAIN OF ROWLAND HALL





## The Part Religion Plays in Rowland Hall

**T**HREE centuries ago our Pilgrim Forefathers settled on the bleak shores of New England. That sturdy band of far-sighted people, who had weathered the fierce storm of persecution and disappointment for an ideal of freedom and liberty, thought of the future and of the future citizens who would live in their land, when they founded the first school in America. Harvard College, founded in 1636, by the Reverend John Harvard, was a religious school, whose charter declared it to be "for the education of the English and Indian youth in Knowledge and Godliness." Other schools soon sprang up, and we have William and Mary's and a score of other religious colleges spreading through the country. Why did they stay? Why didn't they give place to the rapidly rising non-religious schools, founded to take care of pupils of sects that were too many and too various? Because, the people realized that an education was *not* an education without a thorough knowledge of God and His teachings, taught, if not in schools, then at other places.

The need for religion today is greater than ever before! In this fast moving twentieth century, one is likely to forget all too quickly the sweeter, the holier and more serious side of life. One is likely to dash through the day without thought for our Creator who made us, and to whom one day, we shall all surely return. A close and intimate communion with God each day, be it ever so short, brings faith to the unbeliever, hope to the downcast, and a thought for others, to the selfish; and without faith, hope and charity—how can a man live?

In Rowland Hall each day, we have a short chapel service before beginning the day's work. A casual visitor might say that a prayer is made for the school, the pupils, and teachers, and a few hymns are sung. But that is not all. Five days each week, for nine months each year, we make our own communion with God, and as a result begin our work, not with the hubbub of bells clanging in our ears, and dashing from class to class, but calmly, and serenely with the faith that we will be sustained throughout the day until eventide, when we again offer up our thanks and ask for protection through the night. Through our study of the Bible, which is the most magnificent production of literature, to which allusions are constantly made, and whose parables are cited in all other best works of literature, our education is so rounded out and completed, that we not only have a knowledge of the fundamentals but of the higher and bigger things of life.

Through our loyalty to the church and the causes it serves, we have instilled into us loyalty to our country and state, and the principles they strive for. I dare say you will find fewer people with a religion, disloyal to a country, than those who have not a faith; for without loyalty to God how can one have loyalty to a country, which, after all, is the beliefs of all the people combined into a government.

So I contend that through our school years spent in the study of elementary subjects, combined with a fuller knowledge of God, and through our daily contact with the church, we are bound to be broader minded, to have a brighter and clearer vision of the future, and are better fitted to take our place in the world, as the children of God and the women of America!

—Juliette Browne.



This Chapel was erected in 1910 in memory of Mrs. Virginia Lafayette Rowland, by her daughter. The organ was given by Col. and Mrs. E. A. Wall, in memory of Mattie, their daughter.



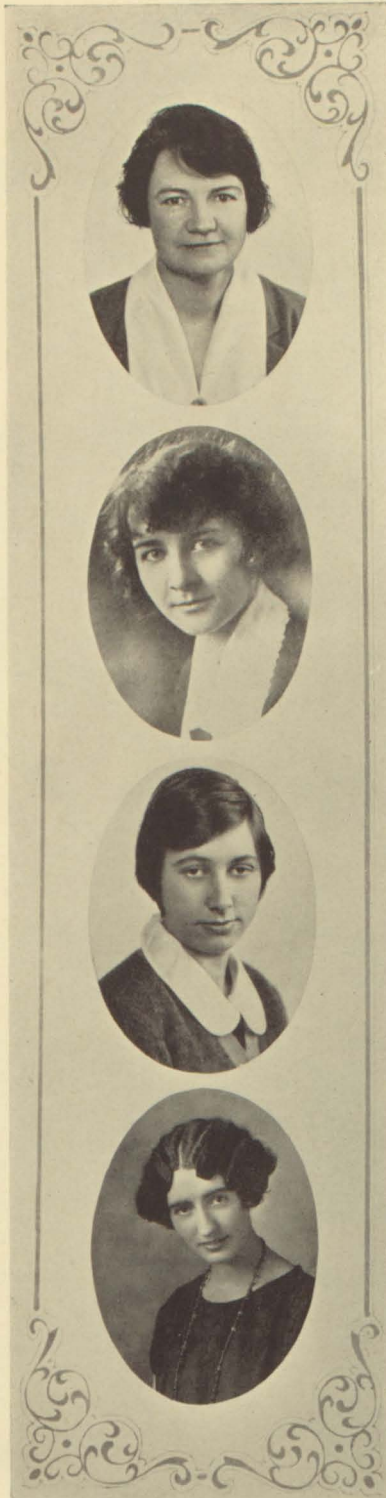


ROWLAND HALL



FACULTY





JANE EVANS

*Instructor in French*  
*Advisor for Class of 1925*  
Leland Stanford University

MARIE NABER

*Instructor in English*  
*Advisor for Class of 1926*  
Wellesley College

KATHERINE HOPPAUGH

*Instructor in History*  
*Advisor for Class of 1928*  
University of Arizona

MARJORIE HAY

*Instructor in Mathematics*  
*Advisor for Class of 1927*  
Washington University

MARGARET COLLINS

*Instructor in Latin*  
University of Colorado

MARTHA M. SPRINGMAN

*Instructor in Art and Dancing*  
University of Utah

MARGARET L. STEIN

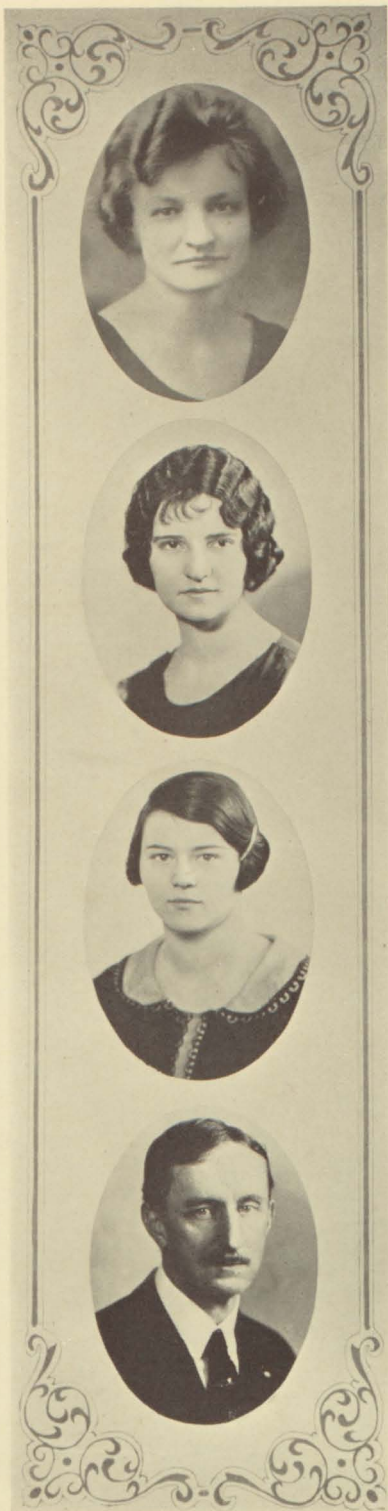
*Instructor in Home Economics*  
University of California and of Utah

MARJORIE A. STEVENSON

*Instructor in Physical Education*  
Sargent School for Physical Education







ESTHER TAPPAN

*Head of Music Department*

University of Music, Lincoln, Nebraska

VIVIAN D. PETERMAN

*Instructor in Piano and Organ*

University of Southern California

Pupil of Miss C. A. Trowbridge and  
John J. McClellan

HELEN LEACHER

*Music Supervisor*

Rowland Hall

GEORGE E. SKELTON

*Instructor in Violin*

Trinity College, London

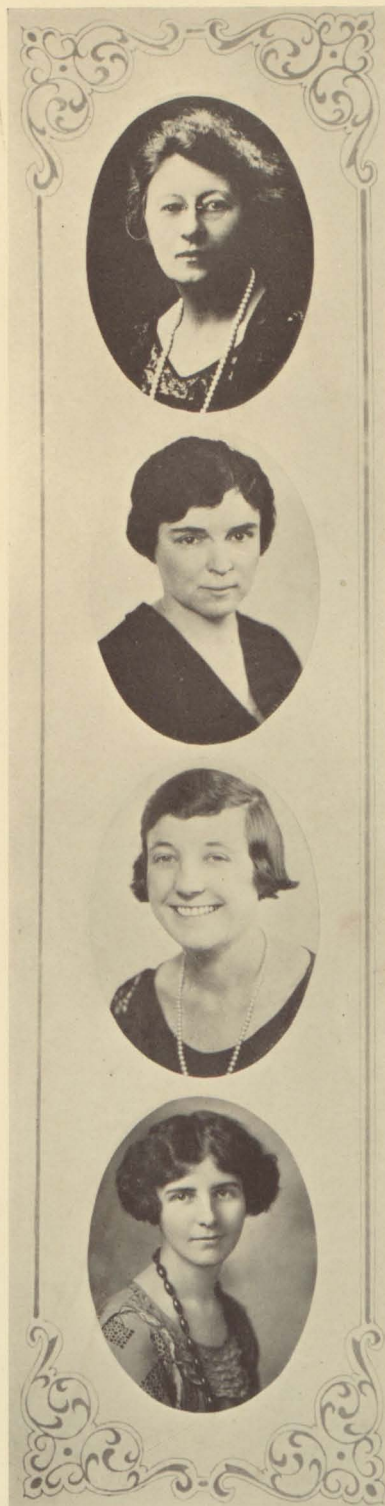


ALICE K. KIRCHNER  
*Seventh and Eighth Grades*  
Tulane University

GERTRUDE OAKES  
*Fifth and Sixth Grades*  
University of Denver

MEREDITH LUTHER  
*Third and Fourth Grades*  
Wyoming University

EDITH C. SAVAGE  
*First and Second Grades*  
*Supervisor of Kindergarten*  
Kansas State Normal School







BETH SANDS  
*Instructor in Kindergarten*  
Rowland Hall

MARGARET GABY  
*Residence Counselor*  
University of Utah

REV. HOYT E. HENRIQUES  
*Instructor in Bible*  
Rector of St. John's



Seniors





BETTY DALY—

"She could on either side debate."

Executive Board of Student Body, '25.  
Entertainment Committee of Student Body,  
'25.

Assistant Society Editor of C. R., '24.  
Literary Editor, '25.  
Class President, '25.  
Business Manager of Athletic Ass'n, '25.  
Athletic Association, '23, '24, '25.  
Basket Ball, Substitute, '23.  
Basket Ball, Team, '24.  
Basket Ball, Captain, '24.  
Swimming, '23.  
Choir and Glee Club, '23, '24, '25.  
President of Altar Guild, '25.  
Altar Guild, '24, '25.  
Class Play, '25.

DIXIE DOOLITTLE—

Her glossy hair was clustered o'er a brow  
bright with intelligence.

President of Student Body, '25  
Business Manager Crimson Rambler, '25..  
Class Vice-President, '25.  
Business Manager of A. A., '24.  
Athletic Association, '23, '24, '25.  
Basket Ball, '23, '24, '25.  
Swimming, '23.  
Choir and Glee Club, '22, '23, '24, '25.  
Altar Guild, '24, '25.  
Class Play, '24, '25.  
Representative Girl of R. H., '24.

HENRIETTA GOELTZ—

Let Henri do it.

Executive Board of Student Body, '24, '25.  
Entertainment Committee of Student Body,  
'24, '25.  
Constitutional Committee of Student  
Body, '24.  
Assistant Editor of Crimson Rambler, '24.  
Editor in Chief, '25.  
Class Secretary and Treasurer, '24, '25.  
Athletic Association, '23, '24, '25.  
Basket Ball Sub., '23.  
Basket Ball Team, '24, '25.  
Swimming, '25.  
Choir and Glee Club, '23, '24, '25.  
President of Altar Guild, '24.  
Altar Guild, '24, '25.  
Class Play, '24, '25.

GWENDOLYN McREYNOLDS—

"Each morn she waked us with a sprightly song."

Athletic Association, '25.  
Altar Guild, '25.  
Class Play, '25.

JOYCE TOWNSEND—

There's many a slip. Oh, Joyce, beware!

Asst. Photography Editor of C. R., '24.  
Photography Editor of C. R., '25.  
Class President, '25.  
Athletic Association, '23, '24, '25.  
Basket Ball Sub., '23, '24, '25.  
Swimming, '24  
Choir and Glee Club, '23, '24, '25.  
Altar Guild, '24, '25.  
Class Play, '24, '25.

FRANCES NIXON—

"She went, and going, took the sunshine from the place."

Art Editor of Crimson Rambler, '25.  
Class Secretary and Treasurer, '23.  
Class Vice-President, '24.  
Athletic Association, '23, '24, '25.  
Captain Basket Ball, '23.  
Basket Ball, '24, '25.  
Swimming, '23.  
Choir and Glee Club, '22, '23, '24, '25.  
Vice-President of Altar Guild, '24.  
Altar Guild, '25.  
Class Play, '24, '25.







ELINOR FRYER—

"There is no living with thee or without thee."

Athletics Editor, *Crimson Rambler*, '25.  
Asst. Joke Editor, *Crimson Rambler*, '24.  
Athletic Association, '24, '25.  
Captain of Basket Ball, '24.  
Basket Ball, '24, '25.  
Choir and Glee Club, '22, '23, '24, '25.  
Treasurer of Altar Guild, '24.  
Altar Guild, '24, '25.  
Class Play, '24, '25.

MARGARET NIBLEY—

"You naughty, naughty birds!"

Athletic Association, '23, '24, '25.  
Class Play, '24, '25.

HANNA RUTH COHEN—

We dare not trust her eyes, they dance in mists or dazzle with surprise.

Athletic Association, '23, '24, '25.  
Basket Ball, '23.  
Basket Ball Sub., '24, '25.  
Class Play, '25.

MARGARET MORAN—

What's in a name, Tubbey or Sheely, it's all the same.

Executive Board, '24.  
Vice-President of Student Body, '24.  
Society Editor of Crimson Rambler, '25.  
Class Vice-President, '23.  
Class President, '24.  
Vice-President of Athletic Ass'n, '24.  
President of Athletic Association, '25.  
Athletic Association, '23.  
Basket Ball Sub., '23, '24, '25.  
Class Play, '24, '25.



DOROTHY HYSLOP—

We hail her master of the joke.

Joke Editor of Crimsor. Rambler, '25.  
Athletic Association, '23, '24, '25.  
Basket Ball, '23, '24, '25.  
Swimming, '23.  
Choir and Glee Club, '23, '24, '25.  
Altar Guild, '24, '25.  
Class Play, '24, '25.

JEANNE NICOL—

"A modest blush she wears not formed by art."

Athletic Association, '23, '24, '25.  
Class Play, '24, '25.





HAZEL CHANDLER—

"Mum, mum, the mummers are throwing  
up at the windows."

Athletic Association, '25.

Altar Guild, '25.

Class Play, '25.

MARION HARDY—

"Blessed with a temper whose unclouded  
ray

Can make tomorrow cheerful as today."

Joke Editor, Crimson Rambler, '24.

Ahletic Association, '23, '24, '25.

Basket Ball Sub., '23, '24, '25.

Swimming, '23.

Choir and Glee Club, '24, '25.

Class Play, '24, '25.

President of Archery Club, '25.



## Seniors

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Class Flower—"Bachelor Button"

Class Colors—"Blue and Gold"

Class Motto—"What we want, we get."

---

### CLASS SONG

(Tune: "Mother")

S is for success, we're sure to gain it.

E is for each girl, who does her best.

N is for our never-failing spirit,

I is for Ideals we hold so high.

O is for the One and Only Class, Girls.

R is Right, and right we'll always be.

Put them all together they spell SENIOR,

The word that means the world to me.





## Last Will and Testament

*Know All Men by These Presents:*

**T**HAT we, the undersigned, the Senior Class of 1925 of Rowland Hall, at Salt Lake City, Salt Lake County, State of Utah, all in good health, and being of unsound and indisposing mind and memory, and not acting under any duress, menace, fraud or undue influence of any person or persons whatsoever, do make, publish and declare this to be the last will and testament of our class, in the manner following, that is to say:

### FIRST

To the Junior Class of Rowland Hall, at Salt Lake City, Utah, we give and bequeath our various digressions with the sincere hope that these being combined with their own transgressions will not cause any of our dear pedagogues to flee from our midst and seek refuge elsewhere.

### SECOND

To the Sophomore Class, we give and bequeath our sincerest love, and gratitude for their kind help. Also we leave to them our privilege of talking in study hall without permission.

### THIRD

To the Freshman Class, we give and bequeath our reliance, dignity, and faculty of forgetting everything as soon as we have learned it, with the command that they put these three foregoing items to use at the earliest date possible.

### FOURTH

To the Faculty, we give and bequeath our rendezvous, the Art Room, hoping they find it as convenient as we have.

### FIFTH

To Jeannette Harris, Betty Daly leaves the supervision of all future rummage sales.

### SIXTH

To Margery Sawyer, Frances Nixon leaves her privilege of having midnight feeds with the Faculty.

### SEVENTH

To Jane Woods, Dixie Doolittle leaves her A in Latin.

### EIGHTH

To Mary Joy Johnson, Henrietta Goeltz leaves her stability and tact.

### NINTH

To Frances Ilderton, Betty Daly leaves her talent for falling down stairs without injury to herself or the aforementioned stairs.

### TENTH

To Dorothy Lyman, Jean Nicol leaves her seat in study hall so that the former may enjoy the morning sun that shines thereon.

### ELEVENTH

To Lois Hall, Dorothy Hyslop leaves her sense of humor.



## TWELFTH

To Geraldine Truitt, Hazel Chandler leaves two feet of height.

## THIRTEENTH

The Eugenia Smith, Elinor Fryer leaves her hair and her haughty mien.

## FOURTEENTH

To Mary Thompson, Marion Hardy leaves her various relatives about town.

## FIFTEENTH

To Elizabeth Brown, Margaret Moran leaves her gang of swains.

## SIXTEENTH

To Mary Jo Stoner, Margaret Nibley leaves her ability to laugh inwardly,

## SEVENTEENTH

To Eleanor Walsh, Hanna Ruth Cohen leaves her ability to study on the run.

## EIGHTEENTH

To Marianna Luff, Gwendolyn McReynolds leaves her spectacle case for amusement in English class.

## NINETEENTH

To Juliette Browne, Margaret Moran leaves her black compact for the transportation of keys and carfare.

## TWENTIETH

To Zelma Petersen, Joyce Townsend leaves her glasses that the former may affect an intelligent expression.

*In Witness Whereof*, we and each of us have hereunto put our hand at Salt Lake City, Utah, this the 10th day of June, 1925.

GWENDOLYN McREYNOLDS,  
MARGARET MORAN,  
MARGARET NIBLEY,  
MARION HARDY,  
JOYCE TOWNSEND,  
HANNA RUTH COHEN,  
HAZEL CHANDLER,  
DIXIE DOOLITTLE,  
FRANCES NIXON,  
JEAN NICOL,  
DOROTHY HYSLOP,  
HENRIETTA GOELTZ,  
BETTY DALY,  
ELINOR FRYER.





## Rowland Hall Library

"The Little Minister".....	Rev. Butcher
"Water Babies".....	Miss Steve's Swimming Class
"Tale of Two Cities".....	Home and Salt Lake City
"Molly-Make-Believe".....	Optimist after an Exam
"The Promised Land".....	Hillcrest Pharmacy
"Three Weeks".....	Christmas Vacation
"The Mystery Road".....	To Miss Macdonald's Office
"Annual Livestock Report".....	Boarder Roll Book
"Burning Sands".....	Called to Court
"The Spy".....	Court-martial
"Forbidden Paradise".....	B. S. P.
"Six Weeks".....	Report Cards
"Les Miserables".....	After Basketball
"Prometheus Bound".....	September 4th
"Prometheus Unbound".....	June 8th
"The House of the Seven Gables".....	Rowland Hall
"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch".....	
.....	Miss Macdonald and the Boarders

Librarian:

MISH SHEENIE SHMISH.

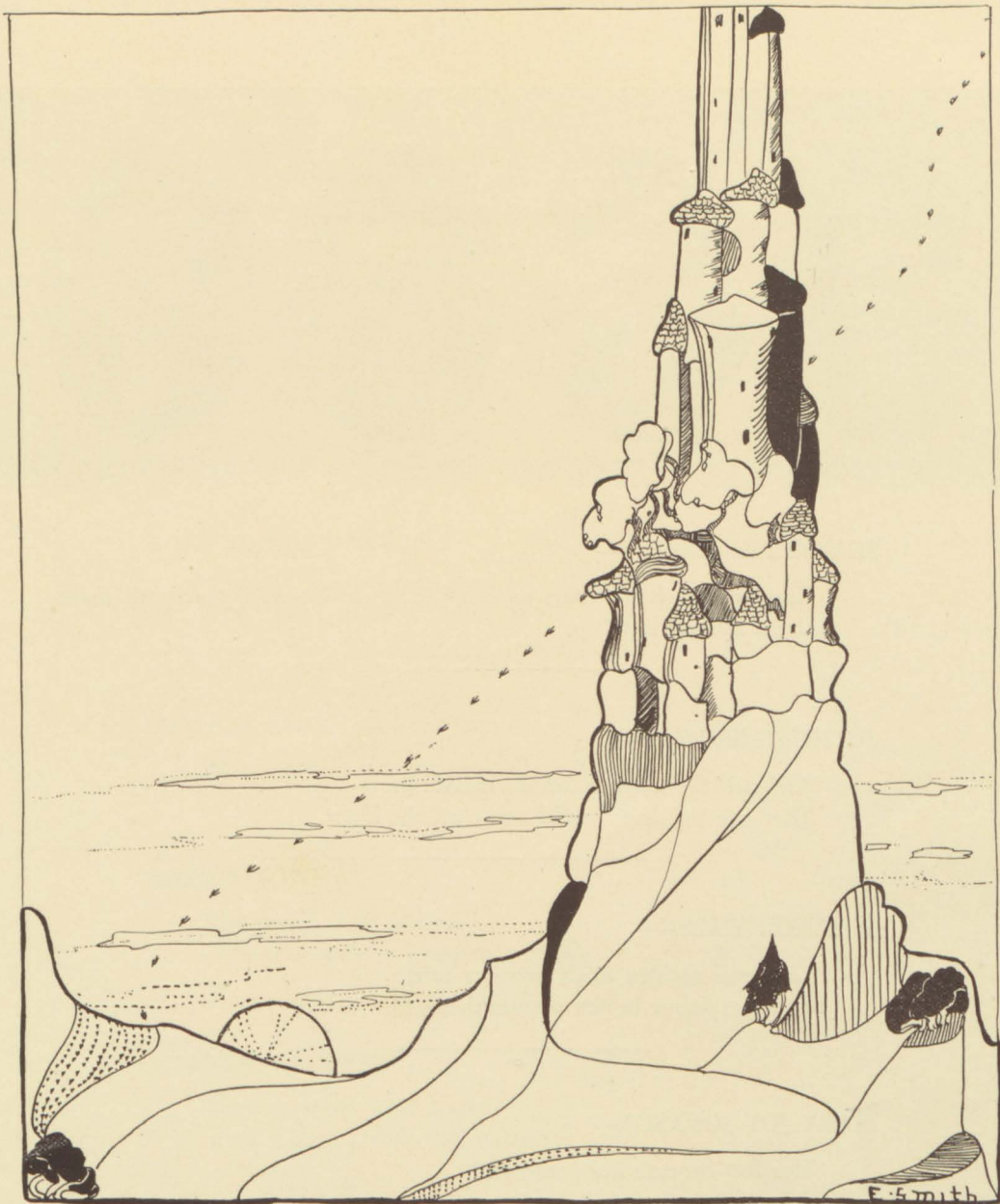
### MEDITATIONS IN A HISTORY CLASS

My heart's in the meadows, my heart's not in school,  
My heart's in a valley all grassy and cool;  
It races and runs and most blithely does sing,  
All nature's about me, and thoughts take a wing,

My heart's—"beg your pardon! Whose causes for war?  
The Romans? Oh—why—er," (this history's a bore!)  
"Why Caesar got into a fight with Shakespeare—"  
"That will do! You are wandering, your mind isn't here!"

My teacher was cross—she was angry, severe—  
I've flunked in my Latin and History, I fear;  
But I look out the window and thoughts fly away.  
Why study of Ancients, on this balmy day?

—Nancy Sullivan.



JUNIORS





JEANNETTE HARRIS—

"Honour and shame from no condition rise; act well your part, there  
all the honour lies."

---

JULIETTE BROWNE—

"And still the wonder and the marvel grew—  
That one wee head could carry all she knew."

---

ELEANOR WALSH—

"Let never maiden think however fair,  
She is not fairer in new clothes than old."

---

MARY JOY JOHNSON—

"Her feet beneath her petticoat,  
Like little mice run in and out."



MARY JO STONER—

“Ah, less, less bright the stars of the night  
Than the eyes of a radiant girl.”

---

EUGENIA SMITH—

“Clear honour like the dewy star of dawn.”

---

DOROTHY LYMAN—

“She doeth little business,  
Which most leave undone or despise.”

---

MARGERIE SAWYER—

“Do you know what I am?  
I am a hop, a skip, and a jump.”





GERALDINE TRUITT—

"Truth is a thing that I will ever keep."

---

JANE WOODS—

"In speech and gesture, form and face,  
Showed she was come of gentle race."

---

MARY THOMPSON—

"Her voice was ever gentle, soft, and low—an excellent thing  
in woman."

---

ZELMA PETERSEN—

"I could not love thee half so well, dear—loved I not honor  
more."



ELIZABETH BROWN—

"Her kindness and her worth to spy,  
You need but gaze on Elizabeth's eye."

---

FRANCES ILBERTON—

"She hath no scorn of common things."

---

MARIANNA LUFF—

"From clouds my morning shall be free,  
And naught on earth shall trouble me."

---

LOIS HALL—

"I am never merry when I hear sweet music."





## Juniors

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### CLASS SONG

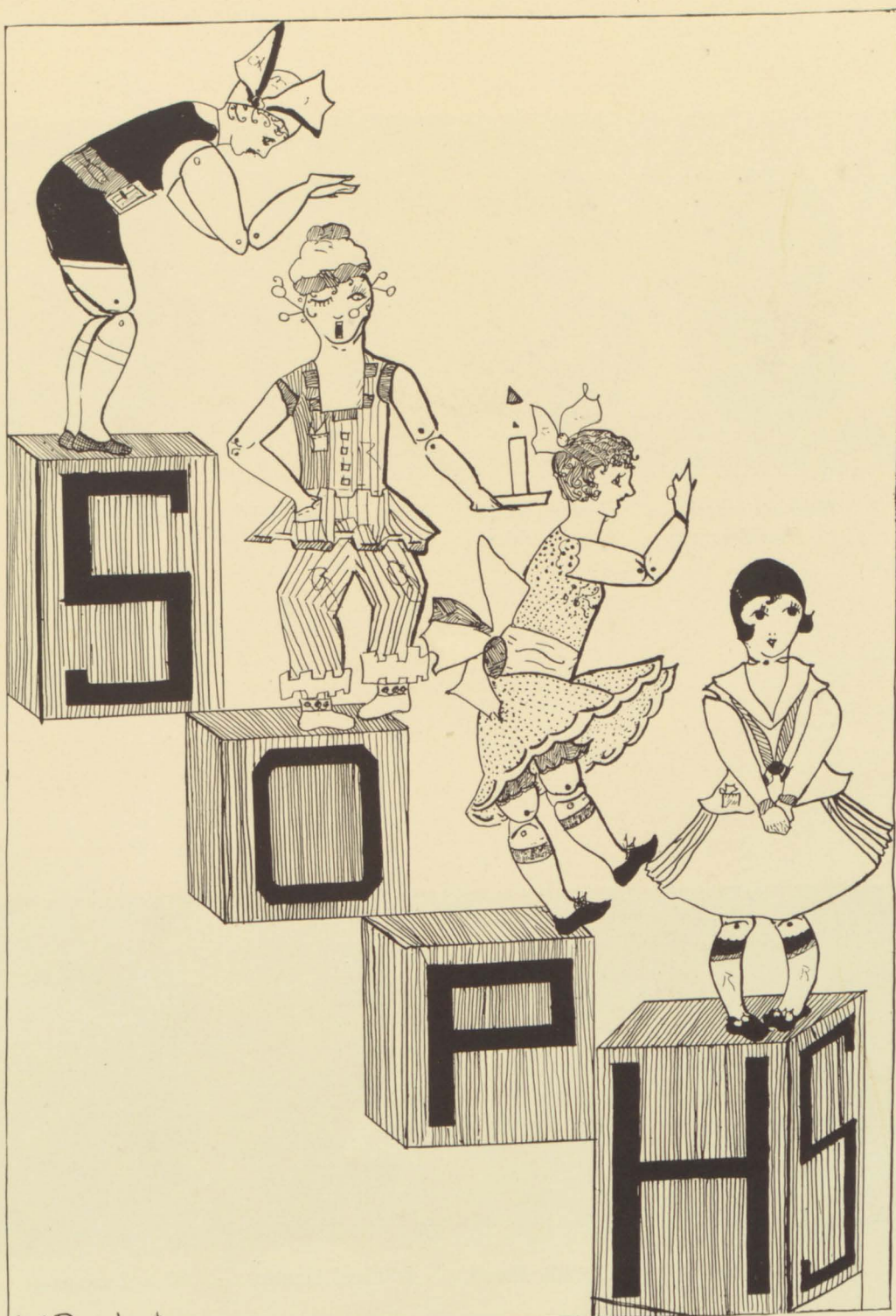
"We're the class of '26,  
In the class that no one licks;  
In our class there are no hicks—  
We're the class of '26,  
We are always on the job—we've got lots of pep  
That's the reason, so you see, for the Juniors' rep."

---

Class Colors—"Purple and Gold"

---

The Juniors gave an unusual assembly. Everyone enjoyed this very much and we all hope that they will give another, soon. The Juniors have completed a successful year. They have proven themselves to be good sports in every way and we know that they will always be an honor to their Alma Mater.







Susanna Harris  
*President*

Eleanor Weeks  
*Vice-President*

Dorothy Corfield  
*Secretary-Treasurer*

Florence Story



Dorothy J. Van Dyke

Cynthia Blood

Mildred Hunter

Alice Thomas



Nancy Sullivan

Virginia Daugherty

Marjorie Templeman

Myra Remington



Milene Muir

Iva Chandler

Claudia McEntyre

Betty Rooklidge





## Sophomore Class

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### CLASS SONG

(Tune: "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles")

We belong to the Sophies  
The Sophy Class of Rowland Hall.  
If you need a friend  
And don't know where to send,  
Just let us know,  
And our kindness we'll show.  
We'll stretch out a hand to help you,  
And start you out anew.  
Don't *ever, ever* say you're lonesome,  
For we all belong to you!

We are very much alive,  
Our class is always sure to thrive.  
Pep is the word for every day,  
Our pep we'll show in every way—  
In all our games we'll play square,  
We're going to be the very best,  
And we mean to help the rest.

---

Flower—"Heather"

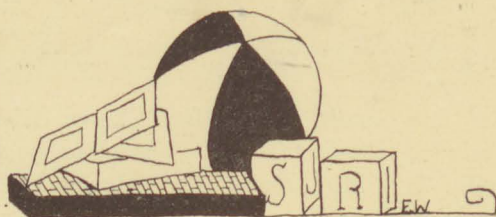
Motto: "A Sophomore Is Known by Her Smile"

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### THE SOPHOMORE ASSEMBLY

One of the most enjoyable assemblies given this year was the very clever and original skit given by the Sophies. Everyone enjoyed the snappy songs and dances. These were written by the girls themselves. They are to be highly commended for this and their success in all that they have undertaken this year.

F  
R  
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Betty Allison  
Eleanor Ann Nibley  
Dorothy Cunningham  
Rody Ingebretsen

Nancy Lou Garnett  
Catherine Hogle  
Betty Botterill  
Frances Porter  
Barbara Cates  
Kay Hardy

Mary Eleanor Neher  
Aurelia Hampton  
Janice Myers  
Dorothy Agee



## Freshman Class

---

Class Motto—"Be Prepared—for Exams"

Class Flower—"Poison Ivy"

Class Color—"Green"

---

### THE FRESHIES

(With Apologies to Tennyson)

Exams are coming, exams are coming,  
I know it, I know it, I know it;  
Math again, cram again; French again, cram again;  
Yes, my dense little student.

Study the old subjects under instruction,  
Last year you studied as sadly;  
Flunk, flunk, flunk, flunk. Is it then so bad  
That you should feel so badly?

Cram again, flunk again; cram again, flunk again;  
Was there ever a student so lazy?  
And hardly a Freshie as yet little friend,  
Think! You are hardly a Freshie.

Here again, here, here, dreaded Exams,  
I come unchidden, unbidden.  
Exams are coming, are coming, my dear,  
And all your pleasures are hidden.

—Betty Allison, Mary Eleanor Neher.





## Lower Grades

---

### SMILES

There are Smiles from East Side High School,  
There are Smiles from Lafayette,  
There are Smiles from Lowell to the Wasatch,  
There are Smiles from Stewart, yes you bet!  
There are Smiles all over Salt Lake City,  
In whatever school your footsteps fall.  
But the Smiles that we love best of any,  
Are the Smiles from our Rowland Hall.

—Virginia Allison—Frances Neher.

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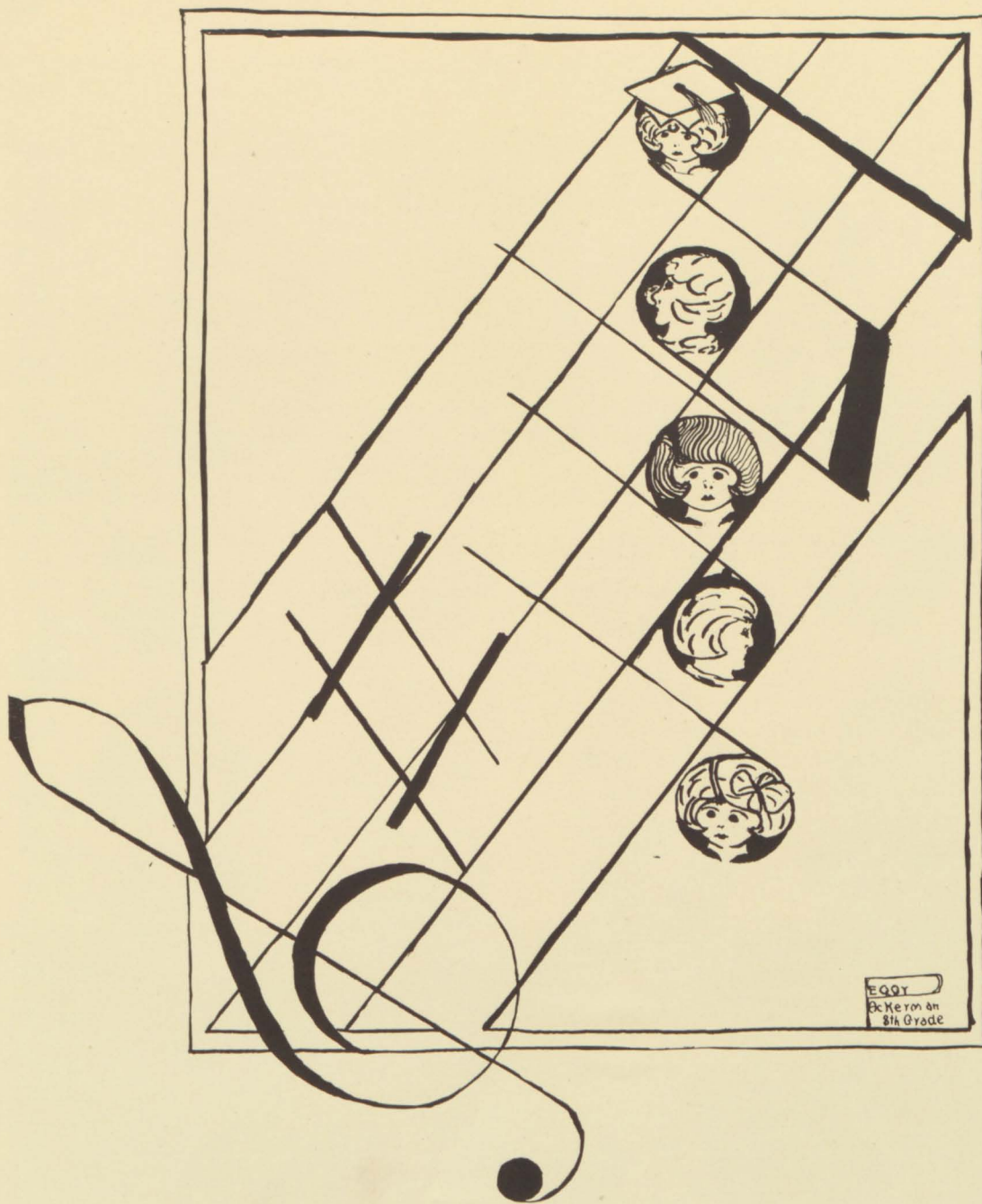
### THE LITTLE EIGHTH GRADE

A dash, a tumble, a giggle, a push, and a fall,  
Seated on the floor are the Eighth Graders, one and all.  
The dignified Freshies look down in superior surprise,  
They sigh and powder their nose with wondering eyes.

"Oh, those Eighth Graders!" they murmur under their breath.  
"I'm positively certain they will cause me my death!  
But we must be patient, 'cause they are just children, you see,  
But I never could have been so childish, dear me!"  
They are up, they are gone, but an echo resounds  
From their voices, their leaps, and their bounds,  
It sounds like a thousand as the six dash by,  
And again are heard their superiors' bored cry.

But run if you wish, and play as you will,  
For this is your last time to take a great spill;  
For next year you will powder your noses and sigh,  
As those little Eighth Graders go noisily by.

—Alice Margaret Dick.



LOWER SCHOOL





Dorothy Jane Thompson

Alice Dick

Anna Mae Miller



Eleanor Story

Peggy Ackerman

Irene McClure



Helen Keyser	Frances Neher	Winnefred Williams
Jane Wyman	Lisette Peter	Dorothy Williams
Jeanette Steiner	Delight Dole	Mary Moulton
Cornelia Alderman	Gwendolyn Merwin	Ruth Gregg





Virginia Allison	Virginia Agee	Frances Stoner
Mary Thomas	Priscilla Maupin	Carolyn Waterman
Virginia Ellis	Margaret Lambourne	Peggy Moormeister
	Betsy Dern	
	Alice Dougherty	



Alice Murphy    Charlotte Murphy    Virginia Haut    Martelle King  
Margaret Campbell    Betty Ramsey    Yummy Wilson    Loveday Wood    Virginia Lambourne

### SKATING

With a swish and a swirl the skaters go by,  
They laugh and they play yet don't seem to half try.  
They don't have to think if their ankles will turn,  
Gee it's hard on the one who has yet to learn!

You strut 'round so smart just as if you knew how,  
But when on the ice you just fall like a cow.  
A whiz and a laugh as a skater goes by,  
Just makes you get up and start forth 'gain to try.

You stagger, you stumble, your ankles bring tears,  
Yet to save you, you cannot forget all the jeers.  
You make up your mind while you slip and you fall,  
That you'll never be mean to the learner at all.

—Susanna Harris.





Betty Keyser	Betty Tyler	Lydia Louise Peter
Mary E. Gerton	Jane Shay	Frank Zelle
Marguerite Marr	Patsy Beattie	
Phyllis Jane Luman	Ruth Elaine Doelle	Gloria Ann Allen
Dorothy Sears	Vanda Van Slyke	
Kathryn Jane Kearns	Mary Jane Webber	Walter Pennick
D. D. Muir III		
Charles Almer Shay, Jr.	Tom Kearns	Junior Rasmusson



JOSEPHINE MARRIOT  
*Secretary*

A. LEONARD WOOD  
*Business Manager*

## The N. O. B. Club

The Not Old, Yet Busy, Club was started the second semester of 1923. The purpose of this club is to bring the fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth grades into closer relationship. The meetings are held the first Thursday in every month. The different grades take turns in entertaining at these meetings. All the legal holidays are observed with appropriate programs.

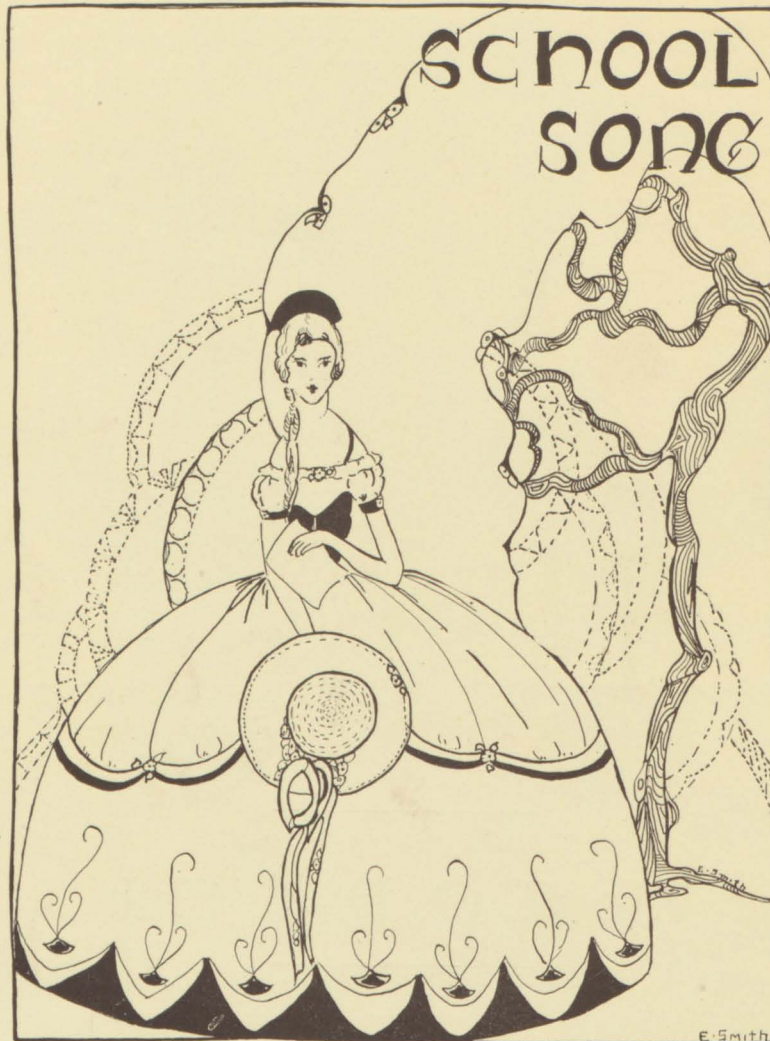
Just before the Christmas holidays the members of the club gave to the lower school bags of goodies and decorated a tree for them. The girls played Santa Claus and each brought one or two presents which were given to the Convalescent Home.

Money was needed to pay for the cobble stone well, which is on the campus, so an Easter Egg Hunt was given. One of the best things the girls have done this year was to support an Armenian child.

The officers of the club are Alice Dick, president; Helen Keyser, vice-president; Anna Mae Miller, secretary; Lissette Peter, treasurer.

This club has completed a very successful year.

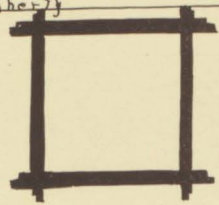




Oh, here's to the name of Rowland Hall,  
Great school of the golden west.  
Of all the schools in our mighty land,  
Thou art the first and best.  
We'll ne'er forget what thou hast taught,  
Of honor, truth and right;  
But fondly hail thy glorious flag—  
The crimson and the white.

In bonds of love and loyalty  
Thy girls around thee cling;  
And tribute to our schoolday home  
Our hearts will ever bring.  
In after years, when we have left  
Thy port and guiding light,  
In darkest storms we'll turn and hail  
The Crimson and the White.

Here's to the girls of Rowland Hall;  
Here's to their hearts, so true;  
Here's to the faculty, best of all;  
Here's to their wisdom, too;  
Here's to the school we all do love,  
Dearest and best of all;  
Here's to the Crimson, here's to the White;  
Here's to our Rowland Hall.



# ORGANIZATIONS





## EDITORIAL STAFF

### The Crimson Rambler

1925

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Editor-in-Chief.....	Henrietta Goeltz
Assistant Editor.....	Juliette Browne
Literary Editor.....	Betty Daly
Society Editor.....	Margaret Moran
Art Editor.....	Frances Nixon
Athletic Editor.....	Elinor Fryer
Photography Editor.....	Joyce Townsend
Joke Editor.....	Dorothy Hyslop
Business Manager.....	Dixie Doolittle

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It has been the sincere hope of the staff of 1925 that this volume may fulfill its purpose in being a true and accurate account of this school year. We hope that it will be a medium through which many good times and delightful friends may be recalled.



## The Student Body Association

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President.....	Dixie Doolittle
Vice-President.....	Eugenia Smith
Treasurer.....	Nancy Sullivan
Secretary.....	Susanna Harris

### EXECUTIVE BOARD

Betty Daly	Betty Allison
Henrietta Goeltz	Miss Collins
Jeannette Harris	Miss Hoppaugh
Susanna Harris	Miss Gaby
Barbara Cates	Miss Springman
Miss Naber	

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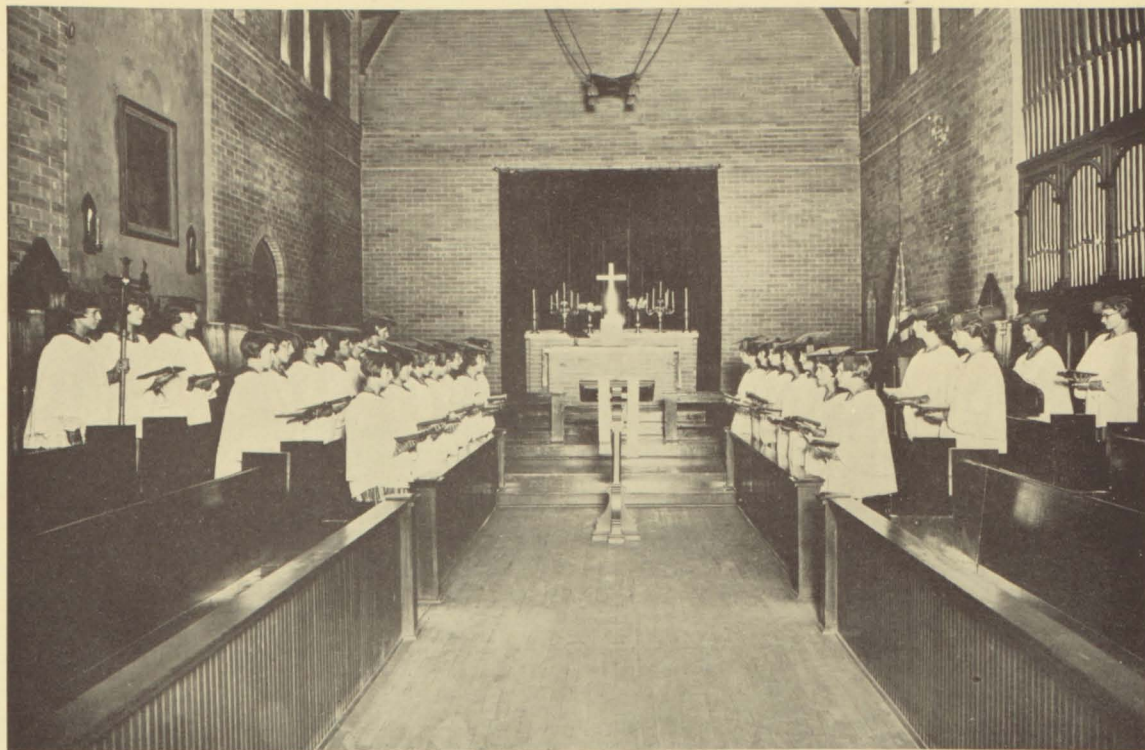
Nineteen twenty-four was the probation year of student government. It began its real work in earnest this year with as much success as could be expected in the trying out of a new system of government. Dixie Doolittle lead the association very well and accomplished much toward the betterment of it. She was succeeded by Eugenia Smith, whom we know will make an excellent president for next year, because she has shown us that she is capable through her work this year.

We have had many enjoyable assemblies this year. Dr. Plummer gave an extremely interesting talk on birds. Each class arranged an appropriate assembly, each being original and clever. Our mothers presented one which put us all to shame.

Mrs. Clawson very kindly brought some Parisian gowns for our benefit which the girls very ably modeled for her. Professor Fellows gave the Lincoln's birthday program. He spoke about the interesting points and main facts of Lincoln's life and showed a letter which had been written by Lincoln. "*Le Suprise de Isadore*" was presented by Miss Evans' French class. It was splendidly done by the following cast:

Le Docteur.....	Nancy Sullivan
Isadore, a college friend.....	Eleanor Weeks
Jeanne.....	Susanna Harris
La Femme du Le Docteur.....	Cynthia Blood
La Belle Mere.....	Florence Story





## Members of Choir

### Sopranos

Dorothy Hyslop  
Henrietta Goeltz  
Elinor Fryer  
Betty Daly  
Marion Hardy  
Eugenia Smith  
Geraldine Truitt  
Lois Hall

Hildegard Thompson  
Margaret Gaby (soloist)  
Jane Woods (flag bearer)  
Florence Story  
Alice Thomas  
Nancy Sullivan  
Claudia McEntyre  
Jeannette Harris

Frances Nixon (crucifer)

### Altos

Marjorie Stevenson (soloist)  
Susanna Harris  
Margery Sawyer  
Myra Remington  
Dixie Doolittle

Joyce Townsend  
Zelma Petersen  
Mary Jo Stoner  
Martha Springman  
Esther Tappan (director)

Vivian Peterman (organist)



## Choir Activities

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Besides the regular services in the Chapel this year our Choir has sung at the following places:

- December 20—Candle and Carol Service in the Chapel.
  - February 8—Sunday evening service at the Emery House.
  - March 2—Ash Wednesday service at St. Mark's Cathedral.
  - April 12—Early Easter service at St. Mark's Cathedral.
  - May 5—At the Sarah Daft Home.
  - May 31—At Miss Peterman's organ recital.
  - June 8—Baccalaureate Sunday service.
  - June 10—Commencement service.
- 

## The Altar Guild

The Altar Guild was organized early in the school year and officers were elected. Betty Daly, president; Dixie Doolittle, vice-president; Eleanor Weeks, Secretary and Treasurer.

The girls gave a silver tea soon after the first meeting.

The Chapel is taken care of by Altar Guild girls every day.

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### LEARNING

Day by day—year by year  
Upward and onward we go,  
Step by step—trial by trial  
Upward from high to low;  
Worrying, striving, struggling,  
Swallowing the bitter gall.  
Every day we live and learn,  
Then we die and forget it all.

—Jay Harris.







Athletics





## Basket Ball Tournament

The basket ball games which took place the first week in December are as follows:

December 9.—Senior 41, Sophomores 26. Junior 49, Freshman 12.

December 10.—Senior 30, Freshman 14. Junior 50, Sophomore 14.

December 12.—Senior 18, Junior 16.

### *Senior Team*

Goeltz, f  
Doolittle, f  
Hyslop, f  
Nixon, c  
Daly, g  
Fryer, g

### *Junior Team*

Johnson, f  
Smith, f  
Sawyer, f  
Browne, c  
Harris, J., g  
Petersen, g

### *Sophomore Team*

Muir, f  
Story, f  
Thomas, f  
Harris, S., c  
Remington, g  
Weeks, g  
Corfield, g

### *Freshman Team*

Allison, f  
Cunningham, f  
Neher, c  
Hogle, g  
Hampton, g  
Ingebretsen, g  
Botterill, g

An important event of the year was the gym exhibition given by Miss Stevenson on March 27th. Last year the gym exhibition was only established, so this year gave Miss Stevenson an opportunity to do more with her gym classes. The balcony, the stage and parts of the gym floor were occupied with chairs, which were filled, far before the time of the exhibition, which was at 8 o'clock. The exhibition came off with flying colors, the high school made a fine showing in demonstrating marching tactics, floor and apparatus work, while the lower school took part in games and floor work.

Entries for the tennis tournament were signed on May 1st, which took place in the middle of May. The winners of both the doubles and singles will receive their letters for tennis.

As last year, two swimming letters are being awarded by the A. A., this year, the first one is given for passing three moderately difficult tests, and the last for passing an additional test in life-saving and difficult diving.



## Athletic Hikes

Y. W. C. A. HIKE

On October 3, the boarders set out from the Hall for a week-end at the Y. W. C. A. camp. After a weary trip the girls arrived only to find, much to their consternation, that the camp had been locked and the key in Salt Lake. Finally a door was broken in and after a flurry for settling things right, the place was ready for a few days' stay.

The girls went at everything with whole-heartedness, all doing their best to make the stay a success.. The first evening was spent between the fire place and the piano. And it was not till toward bed time that everyone was feeling in high spirits, which ended in the first night's sleep consisting of an hour or so of quiet.

The second day was a complete success spent in hiking. The only real excitement was that during the hiking, a fond faculty member was lost, causing great anxiety on the part of the other faculty members. (I believe the girls got quite a thrill out of it, in spite of the seriousness of the fond faculty member's plight.) The evening was spent in playing cards, dancing, and toasting marshmallows.

The next morning the girls very reluctantly packed their knap-sacks and set back on their homeward journey.

### PINE CREST HIKE

On January 31st the boarders and daypupils started from Fort Douglas in sleighs for Pine Crest Inn, to spend a few days recreation after the mid-year exams. The roads were splendid for sleigh-riding, and by the middle of the afternoon the crowd arrived at the Inn.

There was a great scramble for rooms on arriving, but after this was settled in due time, a jolly good time began.

There was never better weather for snow-shoeing, skiing and toboggoning in which the girls indulged to their hearts' content. To confirm the statement that the girls enjoyed the sports afforded by the fine weather, they actually spent three hours at night, skiing and tobaggoning by flash-light, which was great sport.

To the people who did not enjoy the out-door sports, there was pool playing and the player piano.

This hike was the most successful event of the year.





Elinor Fryer, g



Betty Daly (Capt.), g



Frances Nixon, c



Dorothy Hyslop, f



Henrietta Goeltz, f



Dixie Doolittle, f



JUNIOR TEAM

Harris, J, g      Smith, f      Petersen, g  
Sawyer, f      Browne, c  
Johnson (Capt.), f



SOPHOMORE TEAM

Remington, g      Weeks, g      Thomas, f  
Story, f  
Harris, S., c      Muir (Capt.), f      Corfield, g



FRESHMAN TEAM

Hampton, g      Ingebretsen, g      Hogle, g  
Allison, f      Cunningham, f      Neher, c  
Botterill (Capt.) g



FACULTY TEAM

Gaby, g      Naber, g  
Savage, f      Luther, f  
Stevenson (Capt.), c





## Athletic Association

### THE OFFICERS OF THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

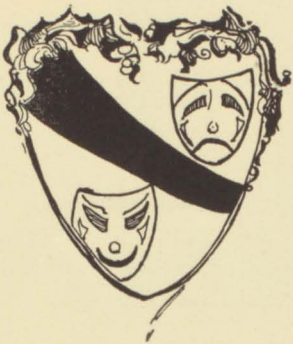
President.....	Margaret Moran
Vice-President.....	Mary Joy Johnson
Secretary.....	Susanna Harris
Business Manager.....	Betty Daly

### THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION PICNIC

After the Athletic Association had been reorganized this year, the old members gave a picnic at Rotary Park for the new members. Amid clamors of mirth and gaiety, the entire Athletic Association set out from the Hall to Rotary Park. The first part of the Picnic was spent by the exploration of the Park and foot hills surrounding it.

It was with great cries of exultation that the girls, finally, being summoned to "eats," gathered around the big open fire place, to roast "hot dogs," and marshmallows.

Aside, from the facts, that the pickles were left soul-alone in solitary corridor at the Hall, and an over-energetic hiker was lost, the picnic turned out to be one of the big events of the year.







## "Prunella"

*Presented by the*

SENIOR CLASS OF ROWLAND HALL

FRIDAY, MAY 15, 1925

Director—Miss Macdonald





## "Prunella"

(Or Love in a Garden)

By Lawrence Houseman and Granville Baker

### DRAMATIS PERSONAE

First Gardener.....	Joyce Townsend
Second Gardener.....	Margaret Moran
Boy.....	Margaret Nibley
Queer, the maid.....	Hazel Chandler
Prunella.....	Frances Nixon
Prim.....	Jean Nicol
Prude.....	the Aunts { Gwendolyn McReynolds
Privacy.....	
Pierrot.....	Betty Daly
Scaramel, his servant.....	Henrietta Goeltz
Love, the statue.....	Nancy Sullivan

### MUMMERS

Hawk.....	Betty Rooklidge
Kennel.....	Alice Thomas
Callow.....	Eleanor Weeks
Mouth.....	Dorothy Corfield
Doll.....	Hanna Ruth Cohen
Romp.....	Virginia Daugherty
Tawdry.....	Susanna Harris
Coquette.....	Cynthia Blood
Designer of Costumes.....	Eugenia Smith
Director of Designs and Dances.....	Martha Springman

Under the supervision of Martha Springman, the elocution class presented "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals" by the famous playwright, James M. Barrie. Characterizations of three little women and a Scottish soldier lad were splendidly given by Marjorie Sawyer, Mary Thompson and Mary Jane Garnett, and Marion Hardy.

It is too early to give away the secrets of the Junior play and take-off, but both are in progress and from present indications the Seniors are going to be greatly surprised by their successors.





"Marg."

"Yes, Gwen."

"Do you realize that Henrie Goeltz is coming today and we haven't planned anything yet?"

"Never mind, just *Fryer* a chop and I'll make a salad. We should worry."

"But Marg—"

"*Nixon* that kind of talk, Gwen, she knows we aren't dietitians."

"Say, by the way have you heard about Dot? Her dad promised her a *Chandler* for graduation, that is, if she rated good marks, and she surely did."

"That was *Hyslop*, I should say," laughed Gwen.

"I agree with you. Some people were born lucky and Dot is one of this kind. But she worked, I guess, and we *Doolittle* enough work for our marks, so we can't complain."

"Yes, I know. Every day I wish *Moran* more that I were brilliant. Anyway we are keeping *Hardy* by our *Daly* exercises, so we have sound bodies if not brilliant minds."

"Gwen, you're a dear. Just to show you how much I love you I will let you wear my *Garnett* ring and go 'way out to *Nibley* park, *Townsend*, for those chops, and on the way back buy you an ice cream *Cohen* with my last *Nicol*.

—*Dick and Joyce.*

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Remember well and bear in mind  
A good, true friend is hard to find;  
So when you find one good and true,  
Change not the old one for the new.

---

## JUST A LOOKER ON

Gee but a bed is a tiresome thing  
When you want to get out and play.  
But when you're up and can go outside,  
How you wish you were in to stay!

When there's basketball and a million things  
To do in the way of fun,  
Then you have to stay all alone in bed;  
Oh, a kingdom for a gun!

From the day you hit the day until  
The day you're out to play,  
The world outside seems twice as nice,  
And your friends seem twice as gay.

—*Susanna Harris.*







## "Society"

**O**UR FIRST social gathering of the year was a "get-acquainted" picnic, given by the Athletic Association. It was a delightful success, as even our newest, and most home-sick girls seemed to enjoy themselves, urged on by our ever cordial "old girls."

Hallowe'en is our gala day. The stunts which are given by each class every year, were even better than usual. The Freshies' minstrel show won the banner—they deserved it!

On December 3, Miss Macdonald entertained the Seniors at her first after-school tea of the year. It was delightfully informal, and even our most dignified Seniors chose to sit on the floor. Very little serious talk was heard above the chattering gossip and the crackling of peanuts. Miss Macdonald's room is such a bright and cozy spot, that we only hoped that she would invite us often.

Our next party was given by Miss Macdonald, also. She entertained on December 19, at dinner, in honor of the wounded Faculty and the Seniors. The aftermath of the Faculty-Senior basketball game was charming, but owing to injuries, not as exciting as the game. After dinner, the Seniors took those of the Faculty who were not permanently injured to a movie. These enemies then parted in a most friendly manner!

On January 24, Miss Macdonald again invited the Seniors to tea. The delicious refreshments urged us on to great plans for the Senior Play. However, we were not too businesslike to spoil the informality of the afternoon.

The Sophomores were guests of honor at a little party, given by their "big sisters," the Seniors, on January 31. We went to see "Forty Winks," and then came back to school for refreshments.

On St. Valentine's day, Jean Nicol, Joyce Townsend and Dorothy Hyslop were hostesses at a delightful tea, given at Jean's home. The Seniors, being the guests of honor, received charming handpainted valentines as favors. The Faculty, and the Juniors were the only other guests.

Two very peppy, and attractive parties have been given for the Freshies and the Juniors. One, a bob-sleigh party that was given in December, ended up at Walsh's country home, where they enjoyed the delights of a real "feed." The other, a delicious, and well appointed luncheon was given by the Freshies, at Katherine Hogle's home, topped off by a theatre party at the Pantages.

Four interesting social events of another kind, have also taken place this year. We lost three of our most popular teachers of last year, when Miss Joslin became Mrs. George Tyrell, and when another teacher decided that she liked the sound of Mrs. Walter Trask, better than Miss Guerrant, and still another, when Miss Dern changed her name to Mrs. Harry Baxter. However, the worst blow was struck when Mary Jane Garnett, one of our Seniors, took the fatal step, and became Mrs. Philip Marstella.

One of the most elaborate and "different" parties given this year, was a progressive dinner; given by the Sophomores for the Seniors. The courses were served at the homes of Susanna Harris, Nancy Sullivan, Cynthia Blood, Florence Story, and Dorothy Van Dyke. Clever St. Patrick's day favors and colors were used, as it was on March 21st. Every course was perfect—in fact, it was the most delicious food we had ever tasted!

On April 18, Henrietta Goeltz and Betty Daly gave a bridge luncheon, for the Seniors, Juniors, and Faculty. It was given at Henri's home, so, of course, we had a marvelous time, and the luncheon was perfect.

According to our social calendar, the Seniors are to be continually feted, from now until graduation day. We are all looking forward to Commencement Week, hoping that it will be as much fun, and as successful as it was last year.



## Calendar

Sept. 2. All boarders back on the job. Everyone happy. Renewal of old acquaintances.

Sept. 3. Registration. New girls terrified. Mr. Tyrell and Miss Joslin's wedding. Much rice.

Sept. 4. Much bellum. Miss Mac nearly frantic.

Sept. 5. Lessons begin with more confusion. New girls walking on their eyebrows.

Sept. 8. Actual school begins. And much tearing of hair and moans.

Sept. 9. Cooler today. Everyone sneezing.

Sept. 10, 11, 12. Books! Nothing but books!

Sept. 15. Another week ahead of us. Deary me!

Sept. 16. Oh, these days of work. I simply can't stay on the job.

Sept. 17. Oh ye year-book. Discussion with printer. He showed us the dummie.

Sept. 18. Furniture flying around regular magic carpets. Much wind.

Sept. 19. Picnic up Rotary Grove for new girls. New thing for Freshies, we had to tie them up. All automobiles looked like centipedes.

Sept. 22. B. Botterill finds a crush on B. Daly. May be she's a Jungle Grape.

Sept. 23. Altar Guild. Everything altered.

Sept. 24. Juniors have first day of gym—much cracking and creaking of bones.

Sept. 25. Peanuts sold. Regular circus feeding the "elephants."

Sept. 26. Another mob scene in the gym. Juniors hold the floor.

Sept. 27. Boarders initiated. Everything worn backwards. Ate with knives with no trouble.

Sept. 29. Meeting of A. A. and S. A. Bible themes. Nuff sed!

Sept. 30 to Oct. 3. Preparation for Y. W. camp.

Oct. 6. Sleepy day for boarders. Only four survivors in dancing class.

Oct. 7. Altar Guild Tea. Good food. I approve.

Oct. 8. Oh! I hate these dumb days, nothing but the same thing.

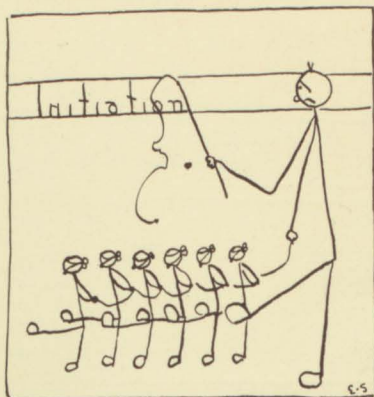
Oct. 9. Miss Evans still playing golf. See very little of her.

Oct. 10. Inoculations begin. Everyone avoids everyone else.

Oct. 13. Juniors' first basket ball practice. Few abrasions.

Oct. 14. Welcome back, Mrs. Tyrell.

Oct. 15. Altar Guild Silver Tea grand success.





## CALENDAR—(Continued)



Oct. 16. Miss Alice B. Macdonald wanted to keep track of us so the cook baked a cake. We each gained 10 pounds.

Oct. 17. St. Mark's choir party. Sweet, bashful little boys.

Oct. 20. Boarders becoming chorus girls under Miss Springman's care. I think it's a crime for girls to go wrong!

Oct. 21. Oh, more basket ball!

Oct. 22. Boarders all turning to baseball. All stars. Twinkle! Twinkle!

Oct. 23. Blackeyes, inoculations and campaigning.

Oct. 24. Elections in student body. More mob scenes.

Oct. 27. Just six weeks exams. That's all.

Oct. 28. Week, Oct. 29th. More exams.

Oct. 30. Stunt practices at the last minute.

Oct. 31. Hallowe'en stunts and party. Freshies showed their mettle by getting banner.

Nov. 3. A. B. M. visits Bible classes.

Nov. 4. A fight with Cicero. No bad results.

Nov. 5. Second year French class *very bright*. Miss Evans is now restringing her beads.

Nov. 6. "Hard-hearted Hannah" introduced.

Nov. 7. Starving Boarders have feed at 2:00 a. m. More pop and pickles consumed.

Nov. 10. Wondering whether an armistice will be declared tomorrow.

Nov. 11. Half Holiday. Whatever is going to happen.

Nov. 12. School again. It always takes the joy out of life.

Nov. 13. Theme on Religion introduced. Ugh!

Nov. 14. Oh, ye themes. O ye depressed feeling.

Nov. 17. Dumb dory day.

Nov. 18, 19, 20. Visitors' days. All pupils appear with shiny faces, the little dears.

Nov. 21. Squack! Choir practice. Warmed up periods. Book Reviews.

Nov. 24. Miss Dern's wedding. More excitement. School dismissed early. Everyone turns out.



## CALENDAR—(Continued)

Nov. 24. Steady study for the studious scholars.

Nov. 25. Fifth and Sixth periods omitted. Study all afternoon. Thanksgiving vacash until Friday.

Nov. 28. S. B. meeting. How are we to punish the naughty children?

Dec. 1. Eighth Grade entertains at a studio tea. These grownup infants.

Dec. 2. Double shift basket ball practices.

Dec. 3. O ye choir practices. Every man for himself!

Dec. 4. Yell practices. We certainly have good voices!

Dec. 5. Seniors throw off their dignity and give a pep rally. Rah!

Dec. 8. Junior pep rally. Day pupils try school dinner. Seemed to enjoy it.

Dec. 9. Tournament, Seniors and Juniors on top.

Dec. 10. Another struggle. Seniors and Juniors still on top.

Dec. 11. Everyone rests.

Dec. 12. Seniors put on black for the Juniors. They needed to. Beat us one point.

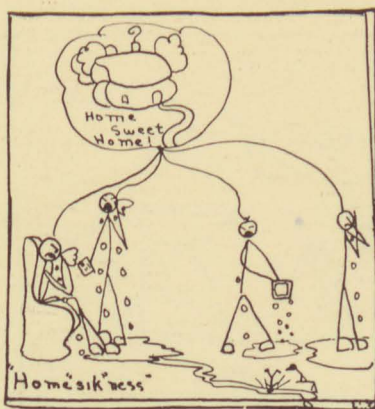
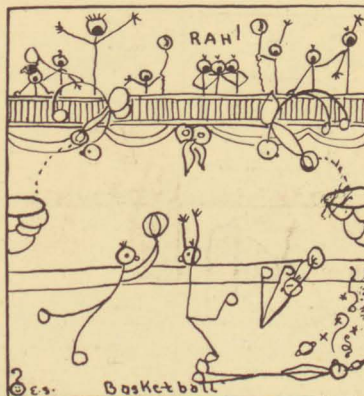
Dec. 15. We just begin Christmas shopping. Miss Naber all through.

Dec. 16. Faculty declared armistice on six weeks exams. But not until Miss Naber had given English tests.

Dec. 17, 18, 19. Choir rehearsals. Elocution class elocutes a play.

Dec. 21. Candle and Carol Service. Nobody singed their hair or set the house on fire.

Dec. 22. Weeeeee! Vacation. No school for three weeks: Groans! Report cards to make thinks nice.



Jan. 12. Boarders back.

Jan. 13. School again with mid-years to look forward to. Tra la la.

Jan. 14. Stylish to be homesick. Quite the fad. A year ago today the Junior mascot died. No wonder.

Jan. 15. Gym. Marching boarders adept.

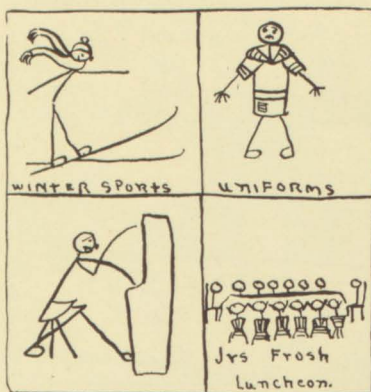
Jan. 16. All our finals over this time last year and look what we have before us.

Jan. 19. Concentrate. A. B. M.

Jan. 20. Miss Evans thinking about gold. Shining her clubs.



## CALENDAR—(Continued)



Jan. 21. Faculty tells us a FEW things to review for exams.

Jan. 22. Juniors work on boom. O, what stiffness has to be tolerated for agility.

Jan. 23. Last classes before Exams. Exemptions read. What shrieks and moans.

Jan. 26. Chickenpox has Sheenie in her clutches. English and Bible exams.

Jan. 27. Poor history students suffer. Miss Hoppaugh's exams not as short as she is.

Jan. 28. Parlez-vous Francaise? Je ne sais pas un seul not dans une examination.

Jan. 29. Cicero, Caesar and Virgil hold conference. Poor students suffer.

Jan. 30. Miss Hay reigns supreme with her math, and Physics exams. Many sighs.

Feb. 2. Come back after Pinecrest for two days. No casualties.

Feb. 3. Received invitation from Freshies for Luncheon. They cooked it. Imagine results to poor Juniors.

Feb. 4. Anniversary of Student Body. Rah!

Feb. 6. Grrrrrr too cranky to write. Everyone has a grouch.

Feb. 9. Regular flour mills we grind, grind and grind.

Feb. 10. Dressmaker shows us some uniforms. Not much enthusiasm. Many suggestions.

Feb. 11. Miss Peterman plays third verse to a two verse hymn. Choir improvises.

Feb. 12. Lincoln's birthday. Groans. We have an educational program.

Feb. 13. Day of Doom. We have Oral themes in English.

Feb. 16. Miss Evans going to purchase barrettes for the girls. Here's your chance.

Feb. 17. Scout meeting. Impromptu stunts, much TALENT shown.

Feb. 18. Boarders flit around in dancing dresses. Shock the natives. Such immodesty.

Feb. 19. Gee whiz! These Dull, Dumb, Dreary, Doleful Days.

Feb. 20. Music students appear in recital. Much crashing around.

Feb. 23. Half hour periods! Half baked choir! Half Hurrah for Washington.

Feb. 24. Everyone has a *colt* in the nose and a fine *horse*.



## CALENDAR—(Continued)

Feb. 25. Ash Wednesday. A holiday. But boarders had to go to church. Holiday?

Feb. 26. Juniors throw Indian Clubs through the windows and through each other.

Feb. 27. No one has English. Joy! Joy! Joy!

Mar. 2. This should be a holiday (it is my birthday). I guess they did not realize it in time.

Mar. 3. First day of governing ourselves. Works keen.

Mar. 4. Student Government still working. Keen record.

Mar. 5. Mary Joy in Cicero, "Hannibal's brother, the other African, was—

Mar. 6. Everyone has to write for Rambler. Extraordinary results.

Mar. 9. Juniors' tea in Miss Mac's room. All starved. Eat like starving Armenians. We need a relief fund!

Mar. 10. Everyone in awful humor. Grouch!

Mar. 11. French student: "These dead men will not laugh in their pockets." Miss Evans is so proud of us.

Mar. 12. Everyone is afire. We had chili. Wasn't as chilly as it is cracked up to be.

Mar. 13. Senior Boarders entertained in Assembly. Very good! Ask Miss Evans. Nine Butterfly.

Apr. 1. Boarders shelter faculty from April showers with umbrellas during Breakfast. Speeches. General uproar all day.

Apr. 2. Folk Dancing again. What next?

Apr. 3. Boarders turn movie stars and put on one-act comedy and tragedies.

Apr. 6. Last Bible lesson for a while. Hurrah! fer? fer? Hurray!

Apr. 7. Art class flees to Springville, with Springman, in the springtime.

Apr. 9. Four-thirty Easter, vacash begins.

Apr. 15. Back on job with that heartsick feeling.

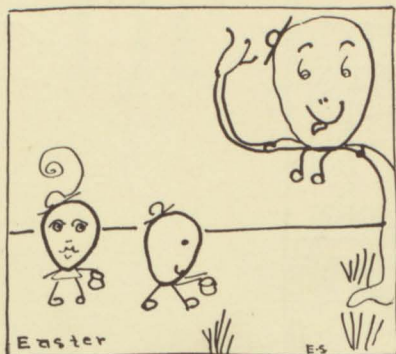
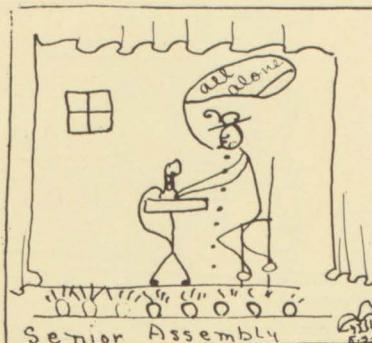
Apr. 16. Mac goes to hear S. L. Symphony Orchestra.

Apr. 17. Mothers entertain in assembly. They beat us flat.

Apr. 20. Seniors practicing play.

Apr. 21. Try to get A. A. pictures. Photographer falls over stage, us, and everything else.

Apr. 22. New glee clubbers initiated.





## CALENDAR—(Continued)



Apr. 23. Joyce tries to take team pictures between cloud bursts.

Apr. 24. Sophs have assembly.

Apr. 27. Miss Evans sick. No French!

Apr. 28. Juniors still trying to dance.

Apr. 29. Our Glee Clubbers feel more at home.

Apr. 30. Preliminary Debates. Heated arguments.

May 1. French Class gave a very interesting play. We don't know what happened, but what of it?

May 8. Interclass Debates on "Capital Punishment."

May 14. Dress Rehearsal for Senior play.

May 15. Senior play "Prunella" at 8 p. m.

May 20. Faculty entertains Seniors at "The Rivals."

May 22. Eleanor Walsh's tea. Joyce's Recital.

May 25. Senior Exams; more fun.

May 29. Lawn Festival assisted by mosquitoes.

May 30. Elementary Recital of music pupils with Glee Club.

May 31. Organ recital of Miss Peterman's pupils.

June 1. The rest of us enjoying our exams while the Seniors look on with longing eyes.

June 5. Advanced music pupils' recital.

June 7. Baccalaureate address at Cathedral.

June 9. Junior day. Junior play and take off.

June 10. Hurrah! We are free for three months. Commencement day.

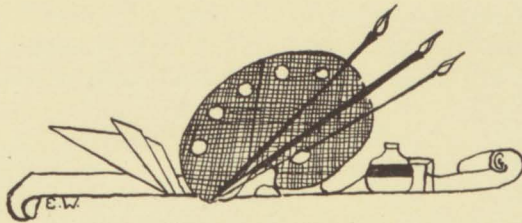
*FINIS*

Name: *Simple, Solitary, Sorrowful, Soliloquy of Sheenie Smith!*





# The Fine Arts







## Art Department

---

**T**O BETTY DALY'S talents we owe the Senior, Athletic, Dramatics and Miscellaneous plates. Betty's designs show a marked degree of feeling and expression.

To Eugenia Smith, a lover of fantastical and decorative things, we give thanks not only for the attractive plates in the year-book, but also a lovely mural in the dining room—it's really six feet high and five feet wide.

Eleanor Walsh—our Jessie Wilcox Smith—has contributed many charming bits, that add a refreshment of youth to our book. When ever you see lovely lines, original designs—look for Eleanor.

And then Virginia Daugherty, she is a new-comer this year, indeed she's a comer.

And also to Miss Martha Springman, the very talented Art Teacher, we give many thanks for the excellent scenery for the Senior Play. And again we thank Eugenia for the designing of the clever costumes for the Senior Play.

---

On Sunday, December 20th, the choir sang the Candle and Carol service. The choir, directed by the very efficient music teacher, Miss Tappan, sang beautifully. Besides the anthem and hymns sung by the choir, the Te Deum Laudamus was exquisitely illustrated by the pageant tableaux. The Prologue and Epilogue were read by Professor Marshall. Mr. Skelton played the violin solos and obligatos, and Miss Vivian Peterman, a very talented pupil of Mr. Edward Kimball, played the organ. We give thanks to Miss Peterman for the splendid work she has done this year in playing for chapel and any outside affairs we have given.



## Recitals

February, the advanced pupils of Miss Esther Tappan gave a very enjoyable recital. The girls who played were Janice Myers, Dorothy Jane Thompson, Mildred Hunter, Dorothy Corfield, Zelma Peterson, Alice Thomas, Frances Nixon, Joyce Townsend and Helen Leacher. Lois Hall played the violin and Hildegard Thompson sang.

April, Miss Helen Leacher, a post graduate in Music this year, and a pupil of Miss Tappan, gave a lovely recital. Helen had a well selected program, which she played with much feeling and expression. She was assisted by Hildegard Thompson, who sang very well.

May 22, Joyce Townsend, advanced pupil of Miss Tappan, and Miss Margaret Gaby, a talented vocal pupil of Mrs. Edna Evans Johnson, gave a joint recital. The pieces that Joyce played were well selected and she rendered them with exquisite technic and a great deal of expression. The songs that Miss Gaby sang were very well suited to her voice. She sang beautifully and put much feeling in her songs.

May 30, The elementary pupils of Miss Vivian Peterman gave a very nice recital. The following girls played: Priscilla Maupin, Ruth Elaine Doe, Frank Zelley, Mary Moulton, Frances Ilderton, Iva Chandler, Rody Ingebreetsen. Frances Neher and Frances Stoner, violin pupils of Mr. Skelton, played solos. Some of Miss Springman's dancing pupils assisted on the program.

May 31, We had the pleasure of hearing an organ recital given in our chapel by the pupils of Miss Vivian Peterman. Mr. Skelton played the violin and there were two vocal solos rendered by Miss Stevenson and Miss Gaby. The organ pupils were Helen Leacher, Miss Stevenson and Miss Collins. Miss Peterman also played.

June 5, The advanced pupils of Miss Tappan gave another recital. They were assisted by some advanced dancers of Miss Springman, and Lois Hall and Dorothy Agee, pupils of Mr. Skelton. The girls who played were Janice Myers, Dorothy Jane Thompson, Claudia McEntrye, Jane Woods, Frances Nixon, Mildred Hunter, Dorothy Corfield, Zelma Petersen, Alice Thomas, Joyce Townsend, and Helen Leacher.





## The Agonies of an Oral Theme

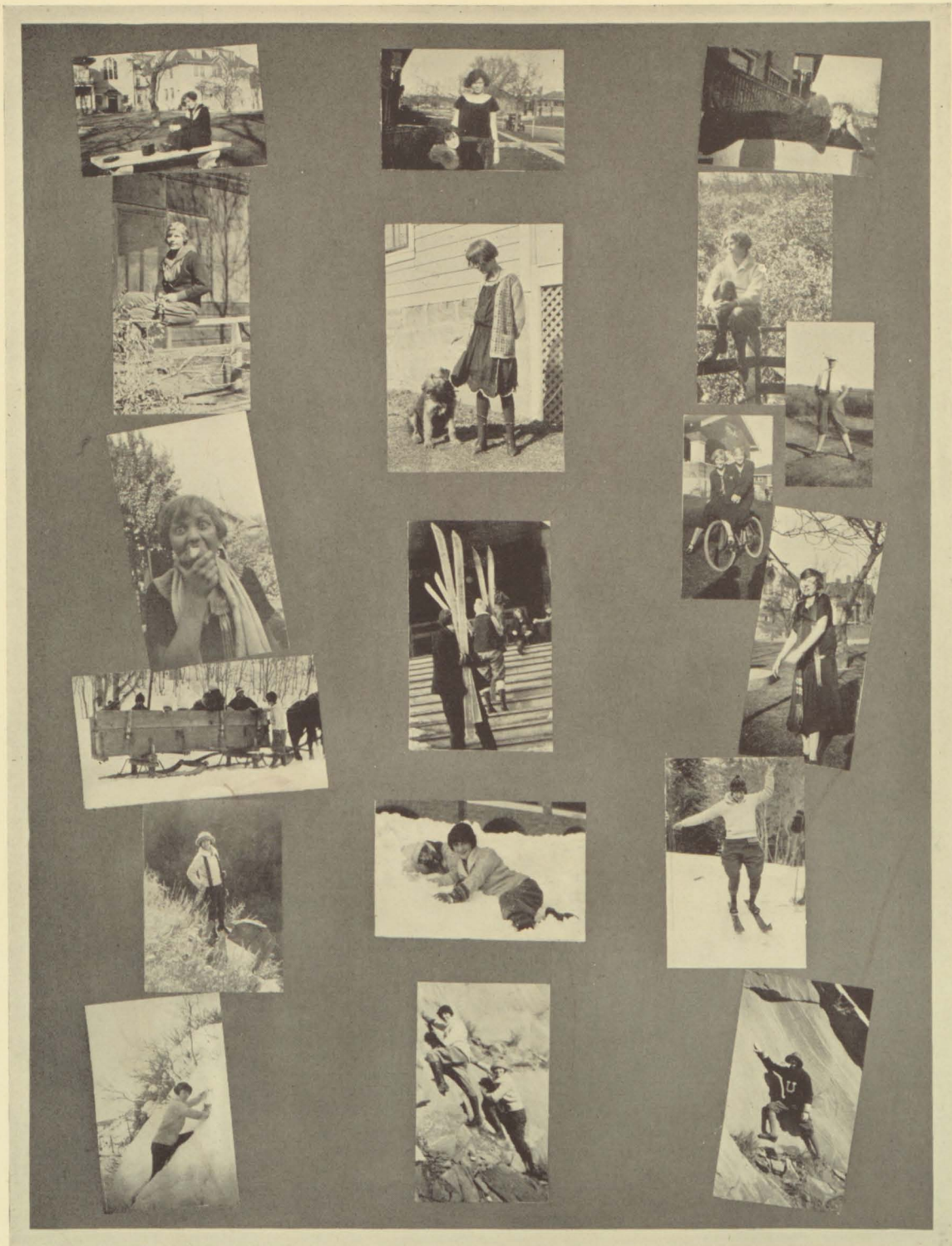
**S**ELF-CONSCIOUSNESS is the real cause of this horrible agitation that is felt during the delivery of an oral theme. It is that dreaded feeling that everyone is looking at you and that the whole class is watching your mouth as the words come and don't come. Perhaps your neck is dirty, and there is a high-water mark anyway, because it cannot be forgotten that we live in Salt Lake City. Then your dress is hanging crooked, your hair is falling in your eyes, the part feels as winding as the lonesome pine trail, and the beads of perspiration stand out on your forehead. Meanwhile you are trying to present a picture—a picture in words. You are, perhaps, describing a cool, calm nook in a shaded dell, and trying to impress upon your listeners the beauty of the scene when it has become formidable to you through the proceeds of preparing the composition. You are trying to use explicit words—you had a beautiful list of big and unusual words, but you can't remember them. Alas! In your consternation, you have forgotten what comes next. You end, then remember a phrase that seems essential, tack it on awkwardly and fade away in a misty ending. Then come the criticisms. You knew what they would be before you started and somehow, you had so much to think about that you didn't correct them. But at last the awful ordeal of receiving criticisms and "standing corrected" or making some suitable reply is over, and you sink exhaustedly in your seat, to listen to the "bright girl" of the class present a beautiful picture with expressive, well-chosen words and a calm demeanor.

—Eleanor Weeks.

### AN ODE TO THE WEATHER

Oh, weather, you must have been invented,  
Remarks upon you are commented,  
Every day,  
You serve to span the gap between  
The tall, the short, the stout, the lean,  
And in a way,  
To make you think you're ne'er forgot,  
Are you important—I'll say you're not,  
You're never right!!

—Judy Browne.







A worm! A little creature, in its plain, green coat, slowly laboriously striving for a far distant place. It painfully creeps, creeps, creeps, futilely measuring its length again and again, a wee helpless thing in a limitless universe, struggling to cover only the breadth of a few grains of sand—the Freshman.

One goal is reached. A tiny exhausted worm curls itself up on a brittle brown covering. It has worked hard in its first bitter taste of the struggling world. Sleep—gradually, even in the narrow darkness of its cell, with no care or sight of the great land outside, it is changing, expanding—the Sophomore.

What is that faint stirring in the brown shell? A dream, a thought, a soul has entered! There is a dim restless yearning. Has a ray of sunshine flickered through a crack in the prison? Something softly, weakly brushes the inside of the fragile casing. Soon it grows stronger, more eager, like the beating of a hopeful heart—the Junior.

A Slit! Swiftly, widening, a burst of light floods the dainty prison. Soft, moist wings slowly, tremblingly unfold. A shiver, a flutter, and they are wide-spread. What miracle is this? Wavering on the brink of its discarded shelter clings an exquisite creature, vivid, exotic, poised—but lo! It is gone! Whirring away into the wide world, seeking a first taste of honey-lipped roses—The Senior.

—Nancy Sullivan.

Here's to the girls of Rowland Hall—  
The big ones, the tall ones, and those so small.  
They're all kinds of girls in this dear place—  
The old-fashioned kind in lavender and lace,  
The flappery type with hair very short,  
And the weak little Freshies, who need support.  
But of all the girls in Rowland Hall,  
There are certain ones loved best of all.  
Of course, they're the Seniors, as everyone knows,  
The dignified bright ones who love to pose.  
The Juniors we love, just a little, perhaps,  
Though invariably they're getting in terrible scraps.  
The Sophies are all disgustingly sweet;  
With these there is no one who can compete.  
The Freshies we'll leave out, they're nothing much,  
But GEE, how we love the whole darn bunch!

—Betty Daly.







## The Rowland Hall Uniform

**M**ANY discussions "pro and con" have ensued as a result of the rule made last June that we were to wear uniforms this year. Some said that by having the upper school wear uniforms all individuality would be suppressed, while others liked the idea very much for it solved the clothes problem for the year.

But what a change in the whole atmosphere of the whole school the donning of uniforms has made! What a joy to enter the study hall and see sixty girls quietly, yet stylishly dressed, with only ties of bright colors to designate the different classes.

And still that eternal bit of femininity and individuality crops out, as it always will, no matter WHAT we do, for Nancy insists on wearing a gay Roman Stripe scarf; Dot Van Dyke wears "his" belt from Annapolis, while Jeannette startles us with checkered stockings, Tubby's skirt gets shorter every day and Betty Botterill goes to the cleaner once a week!

What more could we want! Our clothes problem is solved, our personalities are expressed by the way we dress and an air of refinement is added by high-class, and well-dressed girls. Long live the uniform!

—Judy Browne.

## The Student

Who wants to be a student  
And work the whole day long,  
One, who keeps the commandments  
And is never wrong?

Who sits up 'til twelve at night  
And rises with the sun,  
Who studies with all her might  
And still calls it fun?

Oh, who would like to be a scholar  
With goggles and straight hair,  
Who never uses powder,  
And doesn't know what's fair?

She thinks that boys are funny,  
That movies are a bore;  
She doesn't care for money,  
But *just* to labor more!

Who wants to be a student?  
That I cannot tell.  
But yet, in school or convent,  
There's always such a dumbell.

—Mary Joy Johnson.







N. Sullivan—I had a chill yesterday.

F. Story—What did you do?

N. Sullivan—I shook it off!

Dr. Allison to Miss Naber—Miss Naber, you have acute appendicitis.

Miss Naber—Oh! Dr. don't flatter me so!

Mary N.—May I borrow your compact?

Betty A.—The powder just ruins your complexion.

Mary N.—Eventually, why not now!

Miss Gaby—Are you belonging to the riding club?

Lizzie—Yes.

Miss Gaby—Have you a riding habit?

Lizzie—Yes, I very seldom walk.

Miss Stevenson—We're going to feed you brain food.

Alice T.—I don't need brain food.

Miss Stevenson—Why? (surprised).

Alice T.—I need brains first.

Dot H. (in Physics class)—That ain't right, is it, Miss Hay?

Miss Hay—Don't say "ain't," Dorothy, it's bum English.



HILDEGARDE THOMPSON  
*Post Graduate*

BETTY HARKNESS  
*Winner of Bishop Leonard Medal 1924*

### Alumnae Notes

Marian Story is preparing to enter Vassar from Miss Madeira's School in Washington, D. C.

Peggy Wall is at the Southern Branch of the University of California.

Clarisse Ellis is finishing her first year at Sweetbriar, Va.

Dorothy Welch is at the University of Utah.

Dorothy Hamilton is also at the University of Utah, as well as Louise Cline and Betty Harkness. Betty entered in the second half of the year after staying at home for a rest.

Helen Leacher is practice supervisor at Rowland Hall and is expecting to get her musical diploma.

Hildegarde Thompson is at Rowland Hall preparing to enter Smith.

Aldora Tobin is enjoying the "U" after an attack of typhoid fever, which prevented her from going the first half of the year.

Mary Elizabeth Edwards, a graduate of the Class of '21, was married and now has a baby.

Jane McGee was married this spring.

Ruby May will be married in June.

Glenna Reed and Dorothy Payne are to be married in June and Josephine Marriott will be in September.

Doll Reeves has completed a very successful year at the University of Utah, making a name for herself by winning the tennis championship. Three cheers for Doll.

Ellen Evans was married last August and now has a baby girl





## The Heritage of the Youngest Child

**T**HIS essay is written for anyone who is the youngest of a family, especially of a large family. She alone can appreciate the feelings of others whose lives are ordered by a series of older brothers' and sisters' morals, ideas and clothes. Only she can truly understand what it means to be buffeted by the desires of one's family. In my estimation, she is among the unfortunate people of the earth.

Parents seem to have the habit of expecting the baby to manifest the same characteristics as those who have come before her, especially if these characteristics be good. For instance, if one child has shown marked brilliancy in any way the next one is expected to show the same amount even though it is in some other line. Or if, perchance, she digresses from the straight and narrow path, of course, she is "just like her father."

Older sisters and brothers have a very bad habit of discussing things before her which lead to her ruin when she glibly repeats them at dinner in the presence of father's out-of-town guest. Just how is she to know that Jack is too young to smoke father's pipe or that Mary did very wrong to turn back the hands of her watch before coming home from a particularly enjoyable party. Even father's eyes glower at her as he smiles sheepishly at mother when she says, "No, I didn't eat the cookies, but I saw father go by the cake box today."

And may I ask you, dear reader, one more question? Have you ever discovered why mother looked so horrified when you told someone, "No, it isn't a new coat, its sister's old one dyed?" even after she had told you how ungrateful you were to object to wearing handed down clothes when dear sister was so kind to give you her lovely coat. I have never been able to solve this problem, but this I do know, it is a problem in every family.

There are various and sundry other instances which I might enumerate but time and space will not permit. I have, however come to the conclusion that all the youngest members of families should be born prodigies or not be born at all, because an ordinary human being is far, far too imperfect and incapable of fulfilling the duties and responsibilities laid upon the baby of the family.

—Joyce Townsend.

---

Janice—Do you know where I can get "Kidnapped"?

Zelma—Stand on most any public highway.

---

Dot H.—Say, do you know that I played Mah Jongg last night with a pure ivory set?

Jerry—Who were they?



Mural Decoration for Dining Room by Eugenia Smith

#### ORGANIZATION GIFTS

Class of '25 presented a pergola as a token of their love for Rowland Hall.

The N. O. Y. B. Club has presented a well and stone-seat to add to the beauty of the Campus.

The entire school worked to pay for the improvement of the stage.





## Rowland Hall Nominates for the Hall of Fame

FRANCES NIXON—

Because she is tactful.  
Because she is a good mixer.  
But chiefly because she plays the piano like an artist.

HENRIETTA GOELTZ—

Because she is a good leader.  
Because she is diplomatic.  
But chiefly because she can keep her head.

BETTY DALY—

Because she's the best president we ever had.  
Because she is reticent.  
But chiefly because she gets along with people.

JULIETTE BROWNE—

Because she can sing.  
Because she plays the piano.  
But chiefly because she does all things well.

EUGENIA SMITH—

Because she can create an enlivening atmosphere.  
Because she is just "Sheenie."  
But chiefly because she can paint divinely.

ELEANOR WALSH—

Because she is sweet and lovable.  
Because she is sincere.  
But chiefly because she is a natural born artist.

ELEANOR WEEKS—

Because she can write interesting letters.  
Because she studies.  
But chiefly because she is 100% intelligent.

NANCY SULLIVAN—

Because she can write.  
Because she is courteous.  
But chiefly because she is a good conversationalist.

—Joyce A. Townsend.



## Bits of Nonsense

---

### LOVE ARE BLIND

He asked her on the back porch,  
On a moonlit starry night;  
Alas, he was excited,  
And did not get it right:

"You cannot live without I,  
And each other must us have we;  
So are you tell I will me,  
If us me marry won't she?"

The poor girl was dumfounded,  
And knew not what to say;  
But opened up her mouth,  
And poured forth words this way:

"Oh dear boy, how we love us,  
And me too love I we;  
But you we I are never  
Is able can us marry.

"Me are a husband has not,  
Him is I much do loves;  
Alas, I is not are you have I,  
Nor can it ever was."

—Dot H.

---

When viewing a picture of Daniel in the lions den, one can distinguish Daniel from the lion because the former has a hat on.

---

Mary Joy—Can you wiggle your ears?  
Jay H.—No, and I can't bray, either.

---

Elizabeth B.—They have Lepers in India, haven't they?  
Claudia Mc.—Yes, and they have cobras and lions, too.

---

Miss Steve—Did you take a shower?  
Beginner—Why no! Is one missing?

---

Singer—Oh, it's just fine to sing in the choir!  
Listener—It ought to be fine or imprisonment.

---

Miss Naber (in English class)—Hanna, how many kinds of poetry are there.  
Hanna—Three.  
Miss Naber—Name them.  
Hanna—Lyric, Dramatic, and Epidemic.





### The Psychology of Bargains

**T**HERE is nothing more fascinating to human nature than a bargain. At the mere mention of the word there is a murmur, a stir, an atmosphere of excitement and expectancy. Why is this so? It is absolutely inexplicable; it is a fact and must remain a fact. Certainly it is not the idea of saving money that attracts one to a bargain, for any common sense, practical person can see that there is only an infinitesimal difference between \$1.98 and \$2.00. That is, there is only an infinitesimal difference between them materially, but Oh, what a vast difference mentally, morally and spiritually.

How often we have walked into a shop with weary, shop-worn foot-steps and seen that incredibly cheerful sign, \$1.98. Ah, our entire attitude changes, we are no longer the tired-out shopper, we have miraculously become the indefatigable bargain-hunter. A broad, unmistakable grin bursts upon our countenance as we fairly leap to the counter where the inviting sign is beckoning to us. Yes, the very thing that we have been looking for all day, and at *such* a bargain. Well, maybe it isn't *exactly* what we want, but it is most assuredly a pity to let such a chance go by. We remember the old proverb, "opportunity knocks but once," and we immediately purchase the desired object for fear that "opportunity" will suddenly change his very changeable mind and stop knocking.

After making the purchase we step blithely from the store with an extremely self-satisfied sensation, with that emotion which we have all experienced, of getting the better of a long fought enemy. For after all, is not the store our deadliest enemy? We are always exceedingly happy to think that perhaps they didn't make *quite* so much money on that last purchase of ours. It is not until long afterwards that we realized that it was not a bargain after all, for it wasn't at all what we wanted, and we invariably find that there is a hidden flaw *somewhere* in the purchase.

I have often heard it said that only women are pleased with bargains. I dispute this vehemently. Never, *never* did a woman do any bargaining with such a zest for the sport as a man. What man has not brought home to his wife, with a self-pleasing, self-contented expression, some atrocious bargain which, "he just happened to see on the way home?" The self-satisfied expression soon vanishes, however, when the wife gives him her opinion of the cherished bargain.

Oh, there is absolutely no reason for my going on explaining the fascinations of a bargain, for we all know that bargains *are* fascinating and always *will* be, although we make a thousand resolutions *never* to buy a bargain again.

—Betty Daly.



O. G's.

Into the world  
Full of life;  
O. G's. we go  
Prepared for the strife.

Even in motion,  
Gladsome and cheery,  
Still striving upward,  
We never shall weary.

Glad for all fortunes  
Each seeming the best,  
Upward and downward  
We are put to the test.

Always aspiring  
New ends to attain.  
Outwardly changing  
But inward the same.

Full of a nature  
Always so free,  
Fresh, changeful, constant  
Always O. G.

Signed,

E. S., J. A. T., D. D., F. N., D. H.

E. W., M. J. S., G. T. O., O. G.





## Salt Lake City at 6 a. m., Early in November

**S**OME ambitious student decides to review her lessons at this hour, or perhaps she neglected them last night and is punishing herself in this way. In order to make sure that she will get up, she borrows someone's rattly, tin alarm clock. The sharp dingle, dingle of the silly thing pierces the quiet, cold and smoky air and the volumes of smoke seem to echo the unpleasant sound. But it doesn't ring long and I just begin another snooze (having told my pillow my opinion of the clock), when it begins again! Fancy that! It is a repeat. (By this time my affable pillow is quite shocked.) I become restless and turn over, continually, mussing my comfortable warm bed. I am now fully awake. I creep to the window to shut out a little of the cold and smoke, shivering even in my flannel pajamas. Just as I get to the window I hear the milk man's "whoa," and I back away modestly. Again I approach, when the clatter of the horses' hoofs and the knocking of the bottles is dying in the distance. Everything is cold and formidable. An occasional pedestrian coughing and blowing his hands, and trying to pull his worn coat a little tighter, walks hurriedly by. The bare, bleak trees seem like ghastly ghosts, frightening away anyone who comes near. I can't stand it any longer, so I shut the window with as little noise as possible and crawl back into my downy couch and am just settling into warmth and comfort when the rising bell rings.

—Eleanor Weeks.

### ROWLAND HALL PROGRAM

To the verse of "You Gotta see Your Mamma Every Night"

Monday night is study hall,  
Tuesday night the same old stall,  
Wednesday night we do the same,  
Thursday night the same old game;  
Friday night we have a rest,  
Saturday night we do our best,  
Sunday night we go to bed  
And wake up in the morning—  
A sleepy-head.

Shanie—Broo—Jat

The price of cranberries for next Thanksgiving is said to be down this year to the point where everybody will be able to have one.

## The Debating Club



M. Sawyer	M. Luff	Miss Naber	M. E. Neher	G. Truitt
B. Allison, Sec'y-Treas.		J. Browne, President	F. Story, Vice-President	

### THE 2:2

There was a young lady from Crewe,  
Who wanted to catch the 2:2.  
Said a porter, "don't worry,  
Or flurry, or scurry;  
It's a minute or 2:2:2:2.

### AUTUMN

When the frost is on the pumpkin  
And the bees are in the hive,  
Thirty dollar overcoats are  
Marked way down to sixty-five.

—Dot H.

Laugh and the faculty laughs with you,  
Laugh and you laugh alone.  
The first joke was the faculty's,  
The last one was your own.





## The Road to Paradise

**E**VERYONE has his own particular idea of the road to Paradise; to some it is gilded with gold, while to others, it is merely a cherished dream or ideal come true. I found my road one heavenly Sunday morning, high in the mountains midst towering evergreen pines and glistening slopes. A great white sparkling roadway lay ahead, each tiny flake of snow shining like a polished jewel, and piled high enough to reach the waist if one should purposely test its depth. Above was a placid and kindly blue sky, flecked at intervals with soft bits of down, in which a golden ball radiated its warmth, even to the top most heights of the mountain in the distance, making them an azure blue. On and upward, we broke the trail, passing great balsams whose crisp odor we inhaled with delight, past frozen streams, whose rivulets Nature had wrought into lacy patterns, past deep snow drifts which a frolicking wind had whisked into all sorts of heaps and piles, on and upward, until it seemed as if the very heavens must open up and take us in, and though perhaps I shall never be again on that road and though I may never again feel the peace and comfort enshrined there—I had for an instant tasted the joys of heaven—I had for a moment found my Road to Paradise.

—Juliette Browne.

Before Exams—

Oh, noble Zeus, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

After Exams—

Oh, noble Zeus was with us not—  
We forgot, we forgot.

### IN A NUTSHELL

Junior team.....clumsy feet  
Senior team.....pretty neat  
In the gym.....had a meet  
Holy smoke.....Seniors beat

Perhaps you think it's easy work,  
A good year-book to make.  
Just take your pen and try it once—  
You'll soon find your mistake.

Signed,

—Editor.



## How the Bee Got It's Sting

**H**AVE you ever been stung by a bee, and have you ever wondered how the little bee got that stinger that hurts so when you are touched by him?

A great many years ago when there were only Indians in this country, a tribe of Iriquois were moving toward the West, because there was a scarcity of game where they had been living. This tribe took with them a swarm of bees, dear little honey bees, who had no stingers and did no harm to anyone.

Among this swarm of bees was one little bee named Buzzy Bee, who was a very adventurous little fellow. He would often disobey his mother and fly away, but he had never been punished for his disobedience until one day when they were flying over the desert.

His mother had told him many times not to fly away from the swarm, for it would be very hard to find them again if he should lose sight of them. But as Buzzy thought he was too smart to get lost, he liked to race far ahead of the swarm. On this day he flew so fast that he did not realize how far he had gone until he grew very tired and landed on a stone to rest and to wait for the other bees. He waited and waited but no bees did he see. When it began to grow dark he became very frightened and he knew that he was lost in the big desert with no one to help him. He tried to find his mother and father, and flew up and down, up and down until he was exhausted and could not see where he was going, because of the darkness. At last he could fly no longer and fell. However, what he fell on was not the soft sand, but a prickly cactus plant with a great many pricklers on it. Buzzy was able to pull all of them out except one on his tail, which always remained there, and ever since that time all the bees have had those horrid stingers because Buzzy disobeyed his mother.

—Betty Rooklidge.

### DECISION

Mr. Wiggley certainly ought to give Claudia McEntyre a pension for chewing his gum.

### FUNNY, ISN'T IT?

I've often stopped to wonder  
At fates peculiar ways;  
For nearly all our famous men  
Were born on holidays.

—Dot H.

Joe—Gee! Jerry, but you are lazy.

Jerry—I can't help it, I've been eating loaf sugar.

Miss Macdonald—What is this generation coming to?

Miss Evans—The next one, I suppose!

Elinor F. to B. Daly—I wonder who originated the expression "Step on it"?

Betty Daly—Some early motorist, I suppose.

Elinor F.—I dunno, maybe that's what Sir Walter Raleigh said when he laid his cloak down in front of Queen Elizabeth.







## To Our Advertisers and Patrons

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THE SCHOOL and The Crimson Rambler Staff wish to express their sincere appreciation and thanks to those who have aided so generously in making possible the publishing of the 1925 Crimson Rambler. We the Staff feel greatly indebted to them and sincerely hope that the school will patronize our advertisers upon every possible instance.





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Bascom, Mrs. F. S.  
Bennett Glass and Paint Co.  
Blood, Dr. Wilkie H.  
Botterill Auto Co.  
Butter-Krust Baking Co.

Callaway's, China and Glassware  
Classic Shop, The  
Consolidated Music Co.  
Covey Investment Co.

Daynes-Beebe Music Co.  
Dey, Judge C. C.  
Dinwoodey, H., Furniture Co.

Eastern and Western Lumber Co. of Utah

Feltman and Curme  
Felts, Dr. H. B.  
Fuller, W. P. Co.

Gift Shop  
Glen Bros.-Roberts Piano Co.  
Goeltz, Dr. F. A.

Hammond, Dr. E. D.  
Hampton, Dr. R. R.  
Hardy, R. K.  
Harris, R. T.  
Hillcrest Pharmacy  
Hunter-Thompson Shoe Co.  
Hygeia Ice Company

Independent Ice Co.

Jennings-Gottschall Engraving Co.  
Johnson, Mrs. Joy H.

Keeley Ice Cream Co.  
Keith, Mrs. David  
Keith-O'Brien Co.  
Kelly Co.

Lambourne, Ernest, Florist  
Le Compte, Dr. Edward D.  
Leiff, E. J.

Maple Leaf Dairy  
Mitchell Van and Storage Co.

Mt. Nebo Marble Co.  
National Tea Importing Co.  
Neher, Dr. E. M.  
Nelson-Ricks Creamery Co.  
Nibley, J. F.

Paris Co., The  
Pembroke Company  
Polk, Keen, Photographer

Regal Cleaning and Dyeing Co.  
Rotisserie Inn  
Rudine, Dr. Clifford

Salt Lake Mattress Co.  
Salt Lake Transportation Co.  
Scheid Co., The  
Schraven, H. E.  
Shields, Dr. Claude L.  
Shiplers  
Skaggs Co.  
Skelton, George E.  
Smart, Dr. Geo. S.  
Star Laundry  
Sugar House Lumber & Hardware Co.

Taylor, Jos. Wm.

United Grocery  
Utah Copper Co.  
Utah-Idaho School Supply Co.  
Utah Power and Light Co.

Wagener, Miss Bertha  
Walker's Department Store  
Wallace, Mrs. John M.  
Walsh News Co.  
Wellington Auto Top & Painting Co.  
Western Furniture Co.  
Western Optical Co.  
Woolworth, F. W. Co.  
Zelley, Mrs. W. E.

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Henri—How do you spell “hygiene”?

Marion—F-i-r-s-t—A-i-d.

Henri—How do you spell “bacteria,” then?

Marion—G-e-r-m.

Milene—I saw some pretty negro flowers, today.

Dot Van D.—Negro flowers? What are they?

Milene—Colored flowers.



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Marion—Well, I should say not, that's my veil.

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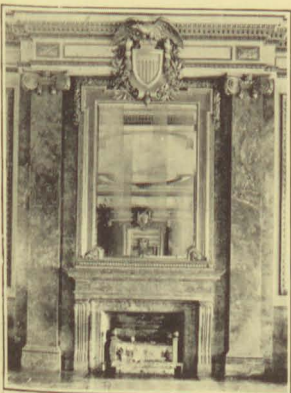
"Sleep, sleep, sleep,  
How we love to sleep"

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NEVER-STRETCH MATTRESSES

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Betty—What's the smell in the library?  
Elinor—It's the dead silence they keep there.

Miss Naber—Well, next, what do you say?  
Betty B.—I bye.



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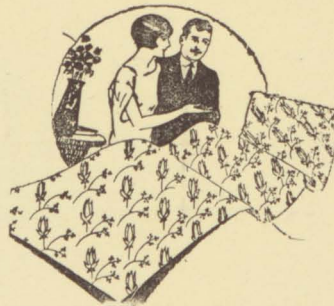
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Miss Stein to Junior Cooking class—If you were getting dinner for six people and had but five potatoes, how could you divide them to give each one an equal share?

Mary Jo—I'd mash 'em!

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Mary T. (in Algebra class)—Miss Hay, may I be excused. I don't feel well.  
Miss Hay—Where do you feel the worst?  
Mary T.—In Algebra class.



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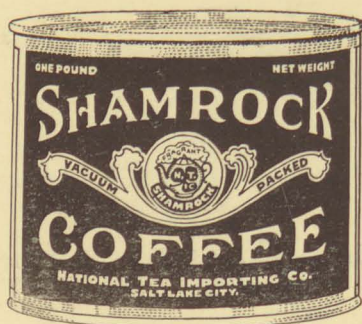


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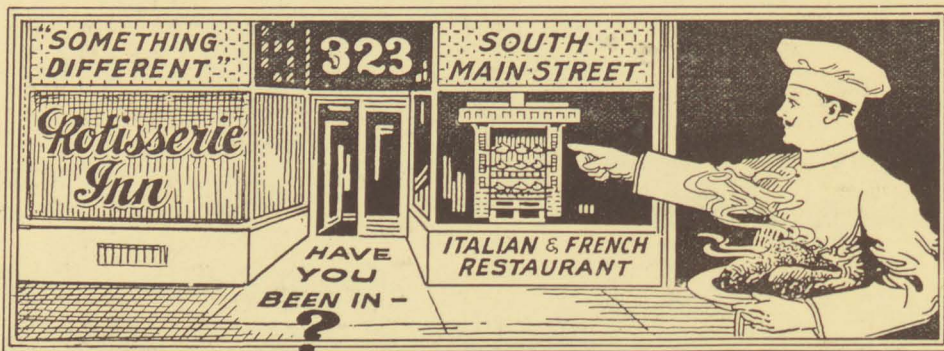
## Star Laundry

FOR QUALITY and

SERVICE

Miss Gaby at Scout meeting (First Aid)—What is the first thing you would do if  
a patient of yours were blown into the air by an explosion.  
Jerry—Wait for him to come down!





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Miss Naber—Who was John Bunyan?

Jean N.—He was—er—ah—ah—he was an eminent English foot specialist.

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serve your home



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Men and  
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Hunter-Thompson

220 MAIN

**T**HE happy person is one who continually progresses. No student who slacks up after graduation will be happy.

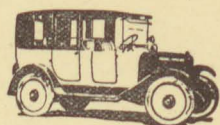
True, you don't want to be continually grinding on assignments given you by the teacher, but you do want to keep forging ahead. To do this, and at the same time have complete enjoyment, form the habit of reading good books.

A good book is a friend who will come to your aid when needed, but will not bore you when you desire solitude.

Have many such friends constantly within reach.

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